Vol. CXXXVIII. No. 1795.

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THE BYSTANDER MAY 11, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renov. 260 beds. Rms. fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

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Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from R.M.12

(*Continued on page* F)

The Bystander

John Everard

Margarete Kubatzki—a New Opera Star

Two good stories have made Margarete Kubatzki known to a public that may never hear her sing. Her "brightly ringing voice," good looks and charming personality won her big applause from the Covent Garden public last week, when she sang Senta in *The Flying Dutchman*. It wasn't actually her London debut (this is one of the stories), as the night before she, alias Gretl Luze, had been First Lady in *The Magic Flute* so as to get used to Opera House acoustics. The other story tells how Sir Thomas Beecham heard her voice on the wireless one night, judged her worthy of the parts Flagstad took last year, rang up every opera house in Germany when he was there in March, found her in Leipzig, and engaged her for the season here. She made her operatic debut in 1935 at Konigsberg, went to Leipzig a year later, is twenty-six, and the daughter of a Polish father and French-Italian mother who have lived in Germany since before the war. Her other parts are Elsa in *Lohengrin*, Eva in *Meistersinger*, *Tosca*, *Aida*

As Like as Two Baby Morrises—

Lord and Lady Morris's twin sons were christened last week at Brompton Oratory; the elder and heir is Michael David, the younger, Edward Patrick. Lady Morris's mother, Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, was a twin

—Two Tennis Lumbs—

Miss Margot Lumb and sister Bernice aren't twins, but they are alike. Margot Lumb, squash rackets champion and Whiteman Cup tennis player, practises with her four-years-younger sister

—Or Two Smocked

The Misses J. M. rustico - artistic no stockings, Royal Academy

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

By an odd coincidence, two great Exhibitions were opened last week on the same day. One stretched from the Brenner Pass to Rome, and the other was in Bellahouston Park, Glasgow. In the first, the hero of the day travelled by special train through miles of cheering crowds and waving flags, until he reached the magnificent display which had been prepared for him at the Colosseum. In the second, our King and Queen travelled by special train, also through cheering crowds and waving flags, to the Ibrox Stadium. But there was a slight difference between the two journeys and the two ceremonies. Herr Hitler's train was heavily armoured with bullet-proof shutters and thick steel plates; almost every mile of the route was lined with fully armed troops; at Verona he was presented with a copy of the statue of Cangrande della Scala, that ruthless and cruel soldier of fortune; and the primary reason for his journey was preparation for war.

There were no steel shutters on our royal train, nor troops guarding the permanent way of the London Midland and Scottish Railway. And the primary reason for their journey was to open an Exhibition of the arts of peace.

The Empire Exhibition itself is magnificent. It is clustered round a wooded ridge, on the highest point of which is the already famous steel tower, three hundred feet high. The tower is one of the most beautiful pieces of modern architecture I have ever seen. It is very slender and its pure white walls are decorated with pale green lines. From the top of it you can see the Argyllshire Highlands, the city of Glasgow, the shipping on the Clyde, and the bows of the new Cunarder in John Brown's shipyards.

Mr. Thomas Tait, a well-known Glasgow architect, was in sole command of the making of the Exhibition, and a wonderful job he has made of it. After the Tower, the two outstanding features are the colour-scheme, pale green, pale blue, pink, creamy white, pale yellow, with here and there a splash of red or orange or dark blue, and the floodlit fountains and cascades at night. By some ingenious device, thirty or forty variations of colour are projected through the fountains, changing every minute or so. The whole Exhibition is a real triumph for Scotland, and, although I may be accused of prejudice, I will take the risk and put it on the records that in my opinion Bellahouston knocks Wembley endways.

One of the most remarkable features of the Exhibition is the rush of blood to the head of the Government, which has resulted in the Official Pavilion. Visitors to the Paris Exhibition will remember that our Government's contribution to the culture and progress of the world was a large picture of Mr. Chamberlain in fishing-boots. At the earlier Exhibition in Copenhagen, the Government exhibited specimens of the different kind of balls which British sportsmen use from time to time. But at Glasgow things are different, and the Government's Pavilion is, so far as I saw, the most imaginative, skilful and artistic of them all.

Mr. Chamberlain defended his Italian Pact in the House of Commons last week, and was considerably helped in his task by the absence of a good many Opposition members. Both the Labour Party and the Liberal Party put in a very poor attendance. On the whole, Mr. Chamberlain made a good showing, and only had three awkward points to skate over. The first was that, for a reason which was not disclosed, the agreement on Palestine is oral, and not written; the second was that the Pact depends upon the final "settlement" of the Spanish question, and Mr. Chamberlain startled his listeners by admitting that he could not define what this "settlement" meant; and thirdly he said that President Roosevelt had approved of the Pact, whereas the President has been careful to emphasise that his statement was purely a complimentary gesture.

The *News Chronicle* publishes figures "received from a well-informed source" of Germany's Air Force expansion, and they certainly make unpleasant reading. According to their authority, the total German military strength, first-line and reserve, is 5100 machines, and the monthly output of new machines has reached the figure of 370. Our own first-line standard, which called for

Glennys

and A. M. Glenny, in smocks and went thus to the private view

Good Deeds: Egg Collecting—

Lady Muriel Derek-Jones, the Duke of Richmond's aunt, runs a chicken farm with her husband at Newton Valence, Hants. They collect over a thousand eggs a day

—Consoling a Grandson—

The Duchess of Hamilton had to comfort little Malcolm Drummond-Hay after a bit of a misfortune at a gymkhana at the Ferne Pony Club

—Throwing a Political Dart

No relation of wire-pulling this dart-throwing of the Countess of Jersey's, but an encouraging gesture for the Twickenham Division Conservative Bazaar which she had opened

1750 machines, has now been scrapped, and the new standard is to be 3000. There are no figures, however, available of the rate of production in this country, and until it can be officially announced that we are producing at least 250 a month, those who agitate for the reorganisation of the Air Ministry are justified in continuing their agitation.

CARL VON OSSIETZKY is dead. He died in a nursing-home in Berlin, and the medical cause of his death was meningitis. The real cause of his death was that he believed in peace. Almost the first act of the Nazi Government when it came into power was to fling von Ossietzky into prison for the crime of preferring peace to war. He remained in prison, in horrible conditions, without trial, for three years and a half, suffering from tuberculosis, which he had contracted in his cell. He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1936, and now he is dead. He was fifty years of age.

THE contest between the Academy and Mr. Percy Wyndham Lewis still rages in capital style, and nobody any longer gives a hoot, if I may be allowed the metaphor, for Grey Owl. At the Academy Banquet, Mr. Churchill put up a witty and oratorical defence of Burlington House, only to be torn to shreds in *The Times* by Mr. Percy Wyndham Lewis himself in a letter which contains this magnificent sentence. Of the Academy he says: "And in order to continue to prop it up and keep it intact, in the teeth of the opposition of the entire artistic world of England, it is found necessary whenever a distinguished artist falls foul of it or rushes out of it, to vilify him, or at least to attempt to discredit him by clothing him with the imagery of a passionate horse, bolting from an official procession, or with the empty heroics of the Tale of the Cid."

MR. D. S. MACCOLL, the famous art expert and former Keeper of the Tate Gallery, has made the important suggestion that the British Government should give to Eire as a free gift the thirty-nine pictures of the Hugh Lane bequest. Lane left these pictures to Dublin in a codicil to his will, but died without signing it, and the pictures went to London on this technical, but none the less legal, quibble. Now that the Anglo-Irish Agreement has been signed, it would be a generous gesture if the spirit of Hugh Lane's will was at last preferred to the letter.

WHILE I am on this subject of Government presents, I think it is rather a pity that the bas-relief which we have just given to the new Peace Palace at Geneva should be so painfully symbolical. It is supposed to represent "man as still in touch with the hand of God." It looks unfortunately like an emaciated man about to expire.

CAPTAIN VICTOR CAZALET, M.P., has recorded an admirable feature—the only one—about the German occupation of Austria. He says that it is universally admitted by the Viennese that the German Army behaved throughout in an exemplary way. On many occasions officers and men rescued Jews who were being attacked in public by the Nazi hooligans.

THE professional wags have a cast-iron paragraph handed to them this week. Lord Baldwin has set the seal on his long and distinguished career by rising from the Back Benches to the Financial Secretaryship to the Treasury, thence to the Presidency of the Board of Trade, through the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and so, by way of the Premiership, to the Presidency of the M.C.C.

THE rather queer trials for the Walker Cup, which consisted of three-ball matches round the old course at St. Andrews, proved only one thing for certain, and that is that young Master Bruen, of Ireland, is just about the best golfer in these islands. He holed St. Andrews in 68, a thing which only Mr. Jones, of Atlanta, Georgia, has ever done in a competition. Master Bruen is not yet eighteen, so his future career as a golfer may be startling.

IN order to reassure the readers of these weekly paragraphs, I wish to make it clear at once that throughout the summer I will mention Mr. Don Bradman as seldom as possible. It is not that I do not admire his supreme skill, but simply that the name of a man who makes hundred after hundred is apt to become a little boring. He will not, however, be placed on the *Index*, where now repose Mr. Tommy Farr, Mr. Jack Doyle, and certain other notable bores.

WITHOUT wishing to trespass upon the field of my professional colleagues who write little stories about the parties which they have attended, I would like to mention a delightful game which I saw the other evening. Spillikins we all know, but a spillikins match which is organised so that the players are notorious for their shaky hands was something new to me. The competitors had to hold out their hands for inspection before beginning, and a bookmaker quoted the odds in accordance with the amount of vibration registered by each person.

The Glasgow Exhibition and its Royal Opening

The King and Queen journeyed to Scotland to open the £10,000,000 Empire Exhibition at Bellahouston Park, Glasgow, last week. The scenes of crowded enthusiasm were reminiscent of last year's May ceremony. There was a very full programme for their Majesties which, as well as the opening ceremony at the Ibrox Stadium, included a five-hour tour of the Exhibition. This concluded with a visit to An Clachan, the Highland village exhibit, and a talk to Mrs. Mary Morrison, a Hebridean yarn spinner (opposite), whereon the King and Queen left to visit social centres in Glasgow. They spent the night in the royal train drawn up at Drumclog Station, a single platform with no booking office or stationmaster, and on the morrow made a tour of Lanarkshire's special areas. The view of the Empire Exhibition above shows the floodlit lakes in Dominions Avenue

Social Register

SIX WEDDINGS

Mr. Hodges and Miss Silvia Ryle

David Michael Hodges, third son of Admiral Sir Michael and Lady Hodges, and Silvia Anne Ryle, daughter of Mr. E. H. Ryle and Mrs. Alexis ffrench, were married in the Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey

Mr. John Hopwood and Miss Graham Hutchinson Were Married in the Country

John Hopwood is the only son of Capt. and Mrs. William Schroder, of Attadale, Ross-shire, and the Rookery, Nantwich. Catherine Graham Hutchinson is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Graham Hutchinson, of Balmaghie. They were married in Bury St. Edmunds with a reception at Hengrave Hall, home of the bride's grandfather, Sir John Wood. Lord Michelham was best man; the bridesmaids were Charity Harbord-Hamond, Barbara Graham Hutchinson, Evelyn Lacy and Penelope Harbord-Hamond; the page was Bruno Schroder

AN ENGAGEMENT

Mr. Stonor and Miss Stourton

The Hon. Ralph Sherman Stonor, only son of Lord and Lady Camoys, of Stonor Park, Oxon, and Jeanne Stourton, daughter of the late-Major Herbert Stourton and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, announced their engagement ten days ago

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Du Boulay and Miss Henderson

Michael Houssemayne Du Boulay, Royal Garhwal Rifles, only son of Sir James and Lady Houssemayne Du Boulay, of Oxenbourne House, Petersfield, and Eleanor Jean Henderson, daughter of J. F. Henderson, of Glenfeulan, Shandon, Dumbartonshire, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Miss Watts and Sir

Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Bt., Argyll, and Eleanor Watts, Watts, of Haslington, Cheshire, 25, Gilbert Street, W.1, were Westminster, and have gone to

Mr. Drummond and Miss Meagher

David Drummond and Helena Philadelphia Meagher were married at the Brompton Oratory. He is the son of the late Henry Drummond and the Hon. Mrs. Drummond, and she is the daughter of Surgeon Rear-Admiral and Mrs. E. T. Meagher, of Wimbledon

A RESTAURANT OPENING

Lady Brownlow and Mrs. Gilbert Miller

Another new restaurant, the Mirabelle, in Curzon Street, opened its doors last week. Lady Brownlow and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, here waiting for their husbands, were two of the first people to try it out

Miss Lea Seidl and Herr Kasznar

Lea Seidl, the Viennese actress, was talking to Kurt Kasznar, proprietor of the Mirabelle of Salzburg, which has a floodlit garden for summer meals. Miss Seidl has just decided to make London her permanent home

Fayer of Vienna

S. Campbell-Orde

of Kilmory, Lochgilphead, daughter of Col. Humphrey and Mrs. Simon Orde, of married at St. Margaret's, Italy for their honeymoon

Viscount St. Davids and Miss Jowett

Lord St. Davids and Doreen Jowett had a quiet wedding at St. James', Piccadilly. He is the second Viscount, succeeding to the title on his father's death in March, and is heir to three of England's oldest baronies, held by his mother, Lady St. Davids, in her own right. His bride is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Jowett, of Toorak, Melbourne

A GARGOYLE PARTY

Mrs. Peter Quennell and Lady Julia Mount

The Hon. David Tennant gave a party at the Gargoyle Club, of which he's the moving spirit. With him below is his fiancée, Virginia Parsons, daughter of the late Alan Parsons and Viola Tree. Mrs. Peter Quennell is the wife of the author and poet; Lady Julia Mount is the Earl of Longford's youngest sister, and married Robin Mount in March

The Hon. David Tennant and Miss Parsons

The reception: *Prince and Princess Louis Ferdinand of Prussia were lectured by Kaiser Wilhelm on the traditional ties of friendship between Romanoffs and Hohenzollern*

Imperial Wedding at Doorn

The bridegroom, in his modern uniform of a lieutenant in the German Air Force Reserve, was conspicuous among the pre-war costumes of nearly all the guests at Huize Doorn, for the Hohenzollern-Romanoff wedding of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia and the Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia. Kaiser Wilhelm, grandfather of the bridegroom, wore his Prussian Guards uniform. Grand Duke Cyril, self-proclaimed Tsar, the bride's father, wore Imperial Russian uniform. Bernhard and Juliana of Holland were the only members of a reigning house present

The breakfast: *Crown Prince Wilhelm, who still lives at Potsdam, sat next to Princess Juliana of Holland*

The marrieds: *Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia*

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 70

Fritzi Massary

SINGS Fritzi Massary in Noel Coward's *Operette* at His Majesty's Theatre—

"Throughout my lonely life I knew
too much reality,
So now my only truth is artificiality."

Noel wrote those words, indeed, the whole part, very tenderly, for Mme. Massary. You see, it is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. She had dazzling successes on the stages of all the European capitals and was at the peak of her career when her husband, Max Pellenberg (London saw him in *The Miracle*), was killed in an aeroplane smash. That was four years ago. Even now she can scarcely think of it without the tears filling her eyes. At the time she nearly died herself. For two years she suffered from a complete and acute nervous breakdown: the light had completely gone out of her life. For another two years she travelled from sanatorium to sanatorium in America, Austria, Italy and France, trying to forget. It was at Kammer in Austria that Noel Coward finally persuaded her a few months ago to return to the stage—in *Operette*. Having to learn English and not having the leading part was perhaps the only way in which to effect at least a partial cure. She accepted, as you know, and London rose to her. Her exquisite acting, her superb polish, the underlying realism of every word she says makes her performance supreme. For there is heartbreak in each line, and all that is left to her is the artificiality of the stage, its gilt and make-believe, its German silver and Britannia metal, its masquerade and illusions.

THOSE of you who do not know your Continental stage may not realise that Fritzi Massary (born Frederika Masaryk, of a Czech father in Vienna) is the best-known stage artist across the Channel. Leo Fall, Oscar Straus, Franz Lehar, and Kalman, too, all wrote musicals for her. *The Last Waltz, The Rose of Stamboul, Madame Pompadour, The Spanish Nightingale, Mother of Pearl,* are only a few of the smash hits inspired and then created by her.

It was in revue in Berlin that she started her career, having had to run away from home to do so. It was in *Kaiserin*, playing Maria Theresa, that she scored her first spectacular success. After that it was roses, roses all the way. She was the toast of each capital she visited, and as long ago as 1920 the late Jimmy White offered her a fabulous contract to star in the English version of *Madame Pompadour*. But it was too soon after the war for her, and she refused—to her eternal regret—and Evelyn Laye sang in her stead.

HERE in London she has taken an apartment in Grosvenor Square, and every day she walks in the Park, "without make-up, like an English lady," to watch the children and the puppies at play.

Fritzi Massary never eats dinner—only breakfast and lunch. Nor does she ever take even a glass of champagne throughout the run of a show. After the fall of the curtain she will drink only a glass of milk and eat some fruit. But smoking is different. Many are the cigarettes she smokes. For all her nerves are in her fingers. And if she hasn't a cigarette in her hand, she will be twisting a handkerchief eternally. Dark-red roses she loves, and it was real happiness she found in going to *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. For there she could again escape from life and its memories, forgetful for a moment of an aeroplane that crashed four years ago. Even that lovely villa near Lugano, to which she will never have the courage to return, was lost sight of momentarily among the coloured, laughing, whistling cavalcade of Sneezy and Doc and Bashful.

But when Fritzi Massary is alone, I am afraid that life flattens instantly again, unrolling plainly, endlessly, with no hope of happiness and only the half-hope of stilling memory with the anodyne of the footlights.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Banana Ridge" (Strand)

Two heads, they say, are better than one. And this, if true at all, is doubly true in the case of bald heads. As you open your programme at the Strand Theatre, your expectation of a good laugh is immediately enhanced by a photograph of Messrs. Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton—a couple of coots in conference. Even one bald head is notoriously funny. But two bald heads! In the world of farce nothing succeeds like duplication. If one baby is a joke, twins are a scream. If it is comic to behold one actor imitating Nellie Wallace, still more comic is it to behold two actors imitating her simultaneously. We can't, in short, take the world very seriously when we are seeing double. And so, although the success of the Robertson Hare-Alfred Drayton collaboration is partly due to the fact that one is such an ideal underdog and the other such an ideal overdog, still more is it due to their bald pates. If this be doubted, let them try, for just one night, playing the parts with which Mr. Ben Travers has provided them in wigs. I 'll wager the laughter would lose fifty per cent. strength.

Bald pates in dispute: Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare

The author takes a hand: Ben Travers

Mr. Travers once again makes the most of his material. As he served his old team at the Aldwych, so he serves his new one at the Strand. One of the most amusing scenes in *Banana Ridge* occurs when Mr. Hare and Mr. Drayton punctuate, without interrupting, a conversation in which they are engaged, by slapping mosquitoes on the tops of each other's heads. Mosquitoes abound, for, once the first act is over, we proceed to the Federated Malay States—probably because Mr. Travers could not resist the temptation of Mr. Hare in shorts and a pith helmet. This is a most rare vision. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Hare is one of those comedians who make any costume, any exclamation, any situation, humorous without lifting a finger. It is not what he does but what is done to him that makes the welkin ring. His is a passive genius—perhaps less genius than a gift from the sportive gods. If I would rather see him in a short part than a long one, I would far rather see him in a long one than none at all.

What to wear in the jungle: Kathleen O'Regan, Carla Lehmann, Olga Lindo

Sketches by Rouson

The heart-throb of Banana Ridge: Robert Flemyng

Paternity is the thin-ice theme of the evening. One Susan Long, having loved well rather than wisely during the Great War, astutely provides for the rearing of her baby, the education of her boy and the professional career of her upstanding son by suggesting to half a dozen ex-Servicemen that the moral responsibility, begotten of immoral irresponsibility, is theirs. And since Miss Olga Lindo, who never fails in any part, is this mother, and since Mr. Hare and Mr. Drayton are among the potential fathers, not a point is missed and not a point is marred.

There are stretches when the action halts. The second act is pure marking-time. But since this act gives us our first taste of Mr. Hare in tropical kit, with the personal appearance of Mr. Travers himself as a native jabberer, and a delightful interlude by a soda-syphon, there is plenty to divert. An entertainment no library could resist.

Angus McBean

Leonora Corbett as a Topical Widow

Leonora Corbett plays the lead in *Married Unanimously*, Frederick Carlton's new comedy which opened at the Phœnix Theatre last night. The theme of this play is highly topical, for it is the story of a widow who is unjustly treated in her husband's will: at the moment, Parliament is discussing a Bill to remedy this very injustice. Miss Corbett is supported in *Married Unanimously* by Mr. Henry Edwards

"The Challenge"

A Film of the Great Matterhorn Climbing Rivalry

First attempt: *the two mountaineers, Antoine Carrell (Luis Trenker) and Edward Whymper (Robert Douglas), quarrel during the climb*

Whymper *goes on alone, after Carrell's refusal to climb with him, but falls from a steep ridge and breaks his leg*

Second attempt: *each mountaineer, owing to mischief-making, thinks the other has broken the pact. Whymper leads an expedition from Zermatt*

Second attempt: *Carrell leads another expedition from is beaten in this great battle for the conquest of the*

Carrell the guide repents of leaving Whymper to face the mountain dangers alone, turns back during his descent, and finds and rescues the Englishman

After the rescue: *in an inn at Breuil the English mountaineer and the Italian guide make a pact to climb the Matterhorn together next summer. Felicitas (Joan Gardner), daughter of the inn-keeper, is in love with Carrell*

reuil on the Italian side, but Matterhorn by the Englishman's party

A tragic accident *takes place during the English descent; Carrell returns alone, to find a broken rope on which Whymper's reputation depends*

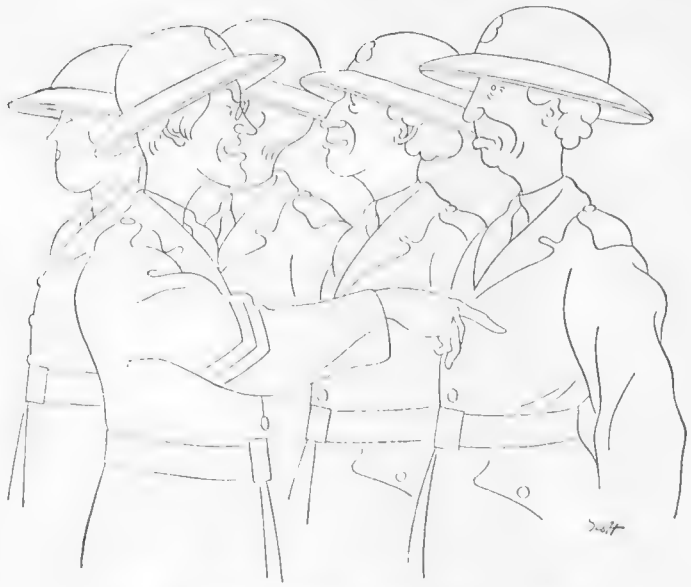
London Films chose a fine subject for a film in the conquest of the Matterhorn in 1865, and the tremendous rivalry and friendship between the English mountaineer Whymper and the Italian guide Carrell. Robert Douglas, who plays Whymper, had some really strenuous mountaineering to do during the sequences made on the Matterhorn itself, as had the other actors, camera-men and continuity girl. Most of them actually climbed the Matterhorn several times. Luis Trenker, who plays Carrell, was a guide in the Dolomites before the war; he also helped to direct the Swiss sequences. Joan Gardner (Zoltan Korda's wife in private life) has an attractive part as the Italian girl who loves Carrell. The splendour of the Alpine scenery has been brilliantly photographed by Albert Benitz; exciting in itself, it makes an incomparable background for the well-told, breath-taking story. Milton Rosmer directed, with Gunther Stapenhorst as producer. *The Challenge* is now at the London Pavilion

Right: ***Happy ending*** *to the love story of Carrell and Felicitas (Trenker and Joan Gardner)*

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Eeny, meeny, miny, mo! Elsie's duty"

RATHER splendid, in its way, we thought the recent Futurist manifesto, published a few days ago at Milan, dealing with film reform. E.g., when a hero says to a heroine: "You are beautiful as a gazelle," the Futurists say the woman ought to fade out and her place be taken by a gazelle. Similarly, anguish should be depicted by a rough sea raging against high cliffs. This may not be up to the fiery old Futurist standard of some twenty-five years ago, when Signor Marinetti and his boys were hitting out in all directions and astonishing Europe with, for example, the mathematical formula for the Spirit of Montmartre: "Parisian red pepper + buckler + lance + ecstasy before idols signifying nothing + nothing + undulation of Montmartre hips = erotic Pastist anachronism for tourists." But it means something. It means the old flag is still flying.

The Marinetti boys—we can see them now, striding about Milan just before the war, lean, close-cropped, sunburned, aloof, mystic, more poetico-militarist in some ways than the Fascist idealists who have swamped them—put their stuff over even better with the Aviation Dance, which was danced by a girl in azure veils over a large map. She wore a celluloid screw on her breast and headgear resembling a model monoplane. Leaping over heaps of green tulle symbolising mountains, accompanied by orchestral noises indicating rain and wind, while blinking electric-lights indicated lightning, she jumped through hoops of pink paper, symbolising Sunset, and blue paper, symbolising Night. Pretty significant the whole thing was, revolutionising Art and introducing a new Æsthetic Era and what have you, and tra la la. Lots of people took it extremely seriously—and how Victorian it all sounds now!

But we hand it to the boys for still trying. They don't seem to know what 's happened in the arts since about 1913, and whatever it is they don't give a damn. It 's just the old Bulldog Breed, which was Italian, after all, centuries before it was British. *Laudamus viros gloriosos.*

Crusade

OUR namesake has certainly given the Academy a rude shake. We gather that that national shrine of British mediocrity is at the moment like a West End night-club the morning after a raid before which the police forgot to ring up. It 's about the biggest artistic schemozzle since Whistler had his dust-up with the Royal Society of British Artists and left, remarking with devilish chuckles that the Artists had gone and the British remained. But our namesake isn't actually the pioneer in the attack on the Academy. Unless we 're pitifully mistaken, that distinguished beau sabreur, C. R. W. Nevinson, fought the Academy single-handed some time ago, whirling his lonely blade like Roland or Cyrano and calling on the chicken-hearts to rally. Most of them probably didn't rally because they were thinking of the dough, which is as good a reason for not joining a crusade as any. This time the call has been heard by somebody, it seems.

If we had a volume of Pope at hand we should quote here and now those stupendous, monumental last lines of the *Dunciad* about Chaos and Night, which cover practically every crisis of this kind. When Pope so savagely celebrated the great goddess Dullness, tutelary deity of these islands, there were no libel laws to speak of, which is why even if there were another Pope there 'd never be another *Dunciad*. More 's the pity, for the Academy is a perfect example of somnolent complacency, and l'art pompier is its true spiritual medium. So is every other Academy in the world, not excluding the Académie-Française; but in other countries academic smugness is always being vigorously attacked and rebellion is constant. Yet however much one dislikes the academic, one should never entirely despise it, for every Academy has a terrible weapon with which to quell revolt. It can always elect the rebel, for example.

"Ye-e-es, it's all right. . . . But I've heard it before"

Ordeal

THE sufferings in a rough, indelicate world of Auntie *Times's* critic boys are rarely obtruded on the public, for which reason we observed with great sympathy that the other night one of them had to attend a very vulgar entertainment indeed. It was at the Holborn Empire, where the jovial Duncan Sisters were throwing heavy cucumbers and other vegetables at the populace. "Embarrassing to some," said Auntie *Times's* boy with a refined moue, "but no doubt enjoyable to others." This coarse behaviour he endured to the end, dodging carrots and cucumbers with dignified

resignation, but his spiritual suffering was obviously as great as Henry James's on that celebrated occasion when, according to the story, he was penned in a corner and ogled at a tea-party by a sweet little West End actress, the rage of the Town. "The poor wanton," said Henry James with tight lips when asked about her, "had a certain cadaverous charm."

Another critic who has been experiencing revolt, though of a different kind, is our old master and idol, James ("Boss") Agate, against whose racy book-reviews a couple of *Daily Express* subscribers were squawking with great vehemence recently, claiming that they were all Boss and no Book. A fat lot the Boss is affected by such petulant sparrow-noises, apart no doubt from a start of gratified surprise at discovering two of the 2,000,000 *Express* subscribers who can read. We caught a swift passing glimpse of him last week, lying back in his luxurious high-powered limousine, wrapped in sables. His lip was curled in a hideous sneer. No doubt he had just been down to Shoe Lane and had the Editor on the mat, threatening to write the whole paper for him henceforth if this sort of thing occurs again. *And* the Boss could do it, too, and they know it. And are they scared! Boy, they 're so jittery they keep slipping up and using English locutions instead of American.

Invitation

WHILE we were meditating Hamlet-wise the other day on the stale emptiness of Life and the evanescence of all human joys, the postman called and left us a tasty illustrated brochure from a cemetery and undertaking company inviting us in mellow English to mingle our dust with that of Chancellors of the Exchequer, Lord Justices, noble Peers, and famous Soldiers or Divines, amid silver birches, copper beeches, stately Wellingtonias, rich purple heather, and gorgeous masses of rhododendrons, in a place "noted for its picturesque scenery and the resting-places of many well-known public men" (*The Globe*), and producing "a sense of peace, quietude, and freedom which is sadly lacking in the congestion of cemeteries in and around the Metropolis" (*The Times*). The Press notices of this cemetery are so good that it occurred to us that the company may have invited the boys to some costly, important funeral—that of a Fleet Street advertising manager, possibly—and left them with unforgettable memories. However, the reading-matter was perfectly discreet and dignified, unlike the publicity of those American morticians-de-luxe who go into such whooping elegiacs over the last sad preparations that it sounds like Chopin's Marche Funèbre "swung" by Benny Goodman and his band.

We 'd almost selected a quiet spot when we remembered a grim little story by Maupassant about the shades of occupants of tombs meeting at night to debunk in turn the glowing testimonials on their headstones. It struck us then that humbler company would be more fitting for the likes of us, and then it struck us that such post-mortem Buchmanite orgies could be imagined only by a very disordered mind. And that set us thinking of a tale by Poe, and in another minute or two there we were, book in hand, bricking up a speculative builder in a cellar full of Amontillado and enjoying Life like billy-ho once more.

Visitant

BLOOMSBURY was chittering like a wagonload of monkeys the other night when we carried out our monthly inspection. The evening papers had just reported that if Dr. Freud can get permission from the Nazis in Vienna he will come to England, presumably to London, and you can guess what that means to Bloomsbury. Schemes for enfolding the Master right in their midst, like a head gardener in a hothouse, were being shrilly discussed at one party by strange, excited epicene shapes, many looking as if they had just run out of an Assyrian tomb. A marble temple or shrine in the middle of Russell Square was one suggestion, the idea being that the Master would sit in it and hold a daily levée of the most complicated inhibitions in Bloomsbury (which is saying something) and would distribute palms or medals for the most significant dreams. This started a big row, a gaunt female-looking introvert proclaiming wildly that he, or she, often dreamed that she, or he, was a maypole and that Comrades Laski and Gollancz were dancing hand in hand round him, or her, followed by the Left Book Club mounted on ski. Somebody else said that involved a common sort of libido and wouldn't interest Freud, and several other people began screaming and brawling and chipping in with horrific dreams of their own, till the place was a Bedlam.

It doesn't seem to strike Bloomsbury that Freud will probably need a change and that South Kensington would be the likeliest place of residence for him to choose: a restful quarter where, having no sex-life, the inhabitants are utterly free from libidos and complexes and all the tralala and are just well-bred, cleanly, glacial, and dumb, where they are familiar with the Great Exhibition (commemorated in the Albert Memorial) but have never heard of the Great Inhibition (Grübwasser's No. 9), and wouldn't want to, anyway. We 're particularly thinking of Queen's Gate.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"How about a basinful of 'Gone with the Wind,' Mrs. Ladbroke?"

Films of the Day

Crooners and Syndicated Scrappers

By George Campbell

CONSIDER the crooner. (Yes, I know you would rather not, but do just this once, to oblige me.) Where does he come from? How is he produced? Is he born that way, does he owe it all to his old mother, or is it done by correspondence, in six easy lessons?

I am curious because I have just seen one Kenny Baker in *Radio City Revels*. If this were just another Quota quickie starring just another chip of the old Crosby block, or (shall we say?) slice of the old ham, it wouldn't matter; but *Radio City Revels*, in trade circles, is reckoned quite a picture. A trade booking guide calls it "grand entertainment for all popular audiences," and speaks of a "slight but appealing romantic interest from very clever girl tap-dancer and crooner"—meaning Mr. Baker.

I can only conclude, as I have long suspected, that this department is not a popular audience. Mr. Crosby I rather like: there is a manly earnestness about him, an I'm-going-to-go-on-boo-boo-booing-and-I-don't-give-a-damn-what-anybody-thinks which I rather like. Besides, he plays rather a nice game of golf, even if he has got sloping shoulders. But when it comes to Mr. Baker, everything I ever said, or even thought, about Rudy Vallee and Dick Powell, goes double in spades. He's terrible. He photographs shockingly, he has a high, almost falsetto speaking voice, and his singing voice, a reedy tenor, not only lacks the tone quality of Mr. Crosby's but has not even a sob or a touch of *umph* or a *nugh* at the end—these, in case you don't know, being regarded in the crooning world as the hall-marks of competence. Well, well, since a million flappers love him, I can only conclude he has something which these old eyes have missed.

This apart, the picture has its oases of humour—including one of the few vulgar lines that I have ever thought uproariously funny. The plot, about a worn-out song writer (Jack Oakie) who steals all his songs from a hill-billy able to compose only when he is asleep, is no better and no worse than most of its kind; and I regret to say that the lugubrious Bob Burns is only moderately funny—though I must in fairness add that when Jack Oakie fed him milk from a hot-water bottle the people around me were rolling in the aisles.

ANOTHER film of which I propose to take no notice, except of a hostile character, is the latest Ben Bernie-Walter Winchell musical, entitled *Love and Hisses*. In America, where both these gentlemen are radio stars, their carefully fostered feud is followed by millions with breathless interest. "Ben Bernie," says Mr. Winchell, in his syndicated column, "has a heart of gold, only harder." "Have you heard the latest about the Winchell fan club?" retorts the band leader. "They're only waiting for a fourth to start a bridge team." All of which is supposed to be entertaining, and is undoubtedly good publicity, if only you can learn to care. I can't.

It seems very silly to cast Simone Simon, who is an actress of ability, personality and charm, in such stuff. She was rushed to Hollywood, at a time when *Mädchen in Uniform* had established a vogue for schoolgirls, or actresses who could, at twenty-five, look like schoolgirls. She made one or two agreeable pictures, which failed, I presume, to make much of a hit at the box-office.

The production which was to put her over as a great new star has never come, and, judging by her rôle in *Love and Hisses*, her employers have given up hoping that it ever will. A pity, because with a reputation for being "difficult," she has great talent.

"JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN," which probably cost about a fourth as much as *Radio City Revels* or *Love and Hisses*, is one of those simple, unpretentious productions which show what Hollywood can do when it substitutes humanity for blare and glitter. A small-town judge goes to Washington on a mission, his daughter and son are taken up and pumped by adventurers, his career is ruined—only to be saved by a last-minute strategem that smacks of Hollywood rather than of life. Lewis Stone is admirable as the judge, and I think I have committed myself before to the view that Mickey Rooney is the best boy actor in the world.

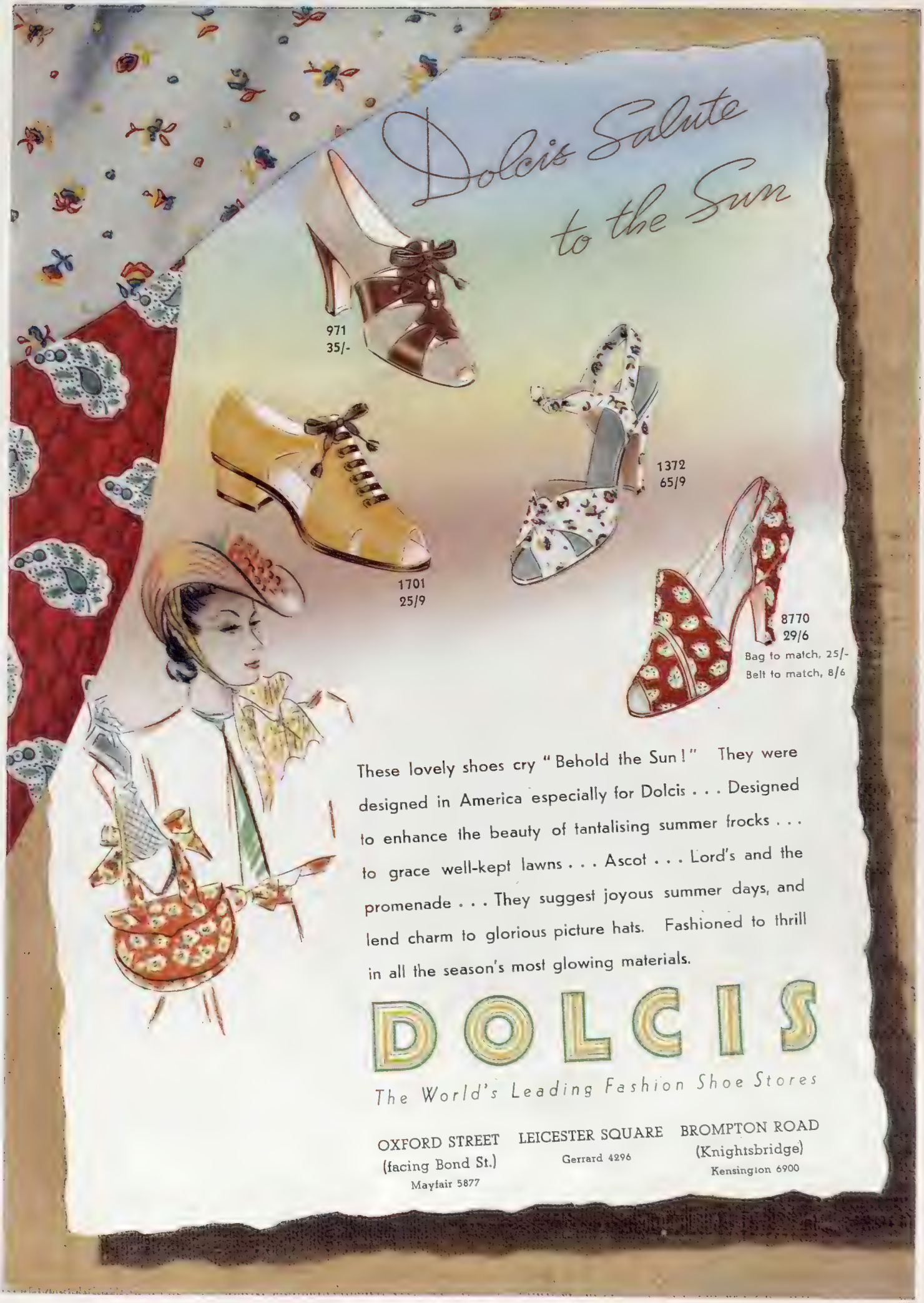
DO you remember the serial, *The Exploits of Elaine*? The villain pegged Pearl White down in a field while his evil hirelings discharged poisoned arrows at her from a 'plane; they left her, bound hand and foot, to drown when the sewers of Paris were flooded at high tide; they tied her in a chair in front of a clock which would pull the trigger of a gun at the last stroke of twelve. The idea of shooting her, or stabbing her, or choking her, and getting the job over, simply never occurred to anybody.

Sexton Blake and the Hooded Terror belongs to the same honourable school. The dialogue is in the fine old Lyceum idiom: "Have the orders of the Black Quorum been obeyed? Then Granite Grant shall not leave Shanghai to-night."

The girl spy is dark and slinky, the villain wears a beard and a top hat and leers rather a lot, the detective is a good, clean Englishman who smokes a pipe and lives in Baker Street, and the climax finds the victim tied in a chair surrounded by writhing serpents. Tod Slaughter is in his element as the leerer-in-chief, George Curzon plays Sexton Blake and Greta Gynt is the girl spy. George King directed.

Paula Wessely in the Last Austrian Film

Paula Wessely declares that the part she has in "The Mirror" gives her more satisfaction than any hitherto. A little plumper, and now a citizen of the Reich, the great actress plays the rôle of a medical student, daughter to a quack doctor; in this scene she is preparing for the arrival of a child which reconciles warring men. Attila Hörbiger and Peter Petersen are with her in the film, whose last shots were turned as Hitler's troops marched into Austria. Premiere at the Berkeley Cinema to-night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Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Simon Elwes and His Portrait of Queen Mary

There are two portraits of Queen Mary in this year's Royal Academy, both showing her Majesty in the regalia of the Garter; one is reproduced on page 240, the other is shown here. Simon Elwes' picture, one of three exhibited by him, is particularly attractive by its colour scheme, a series of greys and whites, with which the blue ribbon and the touches of pink tone excellently. Simon Elwes is the son of the late Gervase Elwes and Lady Winefride Elwes, and he has been a fully occupied painter since his portrait of Mrs. James Beck was accepted by the Academy in 1930. He has a corner house in Cambridge Square and a studio in Fulham, and he walks from one to the other. He married the Hon. Gloria Rodd in 1926 and they have three children, whose names are Peter, Dominico Bede Evelyn, and Timothy Cyprian George Thomas. Yes, Elwes is a Roman Catholic, as well as a Knight of Honour and Devotion of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta, as his father was. He will be thirty-six in June

Lady Mary Dunn, a muff-bag on her arm, talked to Prince Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge who had just come "north" from Monte Carlo with his wife

First Night at Covent Garden

"The Magic Flute" Opens the Season

Sir Thomas Beecham, a fine cast of singers and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, gave the 1938 opera season a magnificent Mozartian send-off last week. The audience was, as usual, socially brilliant if less tiara-ed; the Opera House has been re-decorated and looks both newly and familiarly splendid; the smell of oranges still meets the departing "guests" as they emerge from the portico

For fashions, contrast Mlle. Schiaparelli's satin dress and quilted cape with the Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney's evening suit, hat and gloves

Below are Lady Mary Walker, who wore one of the unusually few tiaras, and her husband, Mr. Alan Walker

Lady Tichborne

Miss Joyce Leigh and Mrs. Claude Leigh

Unmistakably the London season has begun when past the barrows and boxes (and when it's raining, through the mud) of the Market the full-dress audience picks its way to the Opera House

Their Home is a Farmhouse of Swedish Design, with a Beautifully Fitted Swedish Kitchen

The Lunts Are Coming!

Here They Are at Their American Country Home in Wisconsin

Only for eight weeks Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are coming to London—a too-brief visit for this superb pair to pay after a four-year absence. Last time their play was *Reunion in Vienna*; this time it is *Amphitryon 38*, the Giradoux Greek comedy which London saw as a French film after Christmas, and in which the Theatre Guild presented the Lunts in New York last autumn. John C. Wilson is presenting it here with mostly the same cast and the same Lee Simonson decor. It starts at the Lyric next Tuesday. Before they sailed for England, the Lunts had appeared in another Theatre Guild production, a revival of *The Seagull*, "by all odds the most stimulating production of New York's theatrical March." As Tchehov's Trigorin and Irina they delighted the critics, weary of looking vainly for a needle of native genius in a haystack of inanity. The Lunts, as happy a married couple in private life as they are peerless in their stage teamwork, have a flat in New York, and for holidays an eighty-acre farm at Genesee, Wis. The farm gives them the simplest of lives—early rising, gardening and painting for Mr. Lunt, jam-making and cooking for Mrs. Lunt, and in general the domesticity that Broadway denies them for the rest of the year

The Lunts Go Out and Pull Their Own Vegetables for Lunch

By the Swimming-Pool They Sit and Drink Cool Drinks

The English Ballerina

Below: Markova as a Fokine "Elfe"

Ballet in Monte Carlo

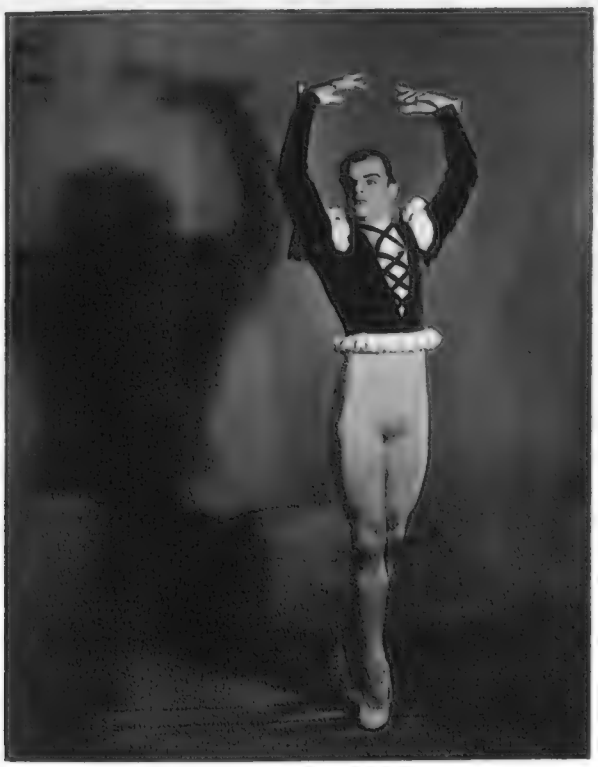
Alicia Markova and Mia Slavenska Alternate in "Les Elfes"

From Monte Carlo come the first stage pictures of the Massine-Blum ballet company whose success has caused their Riviera season to be extended until the middle of this month. In their repertoire are all the Fokine ballets of the last two years, among them *Les Elfes*, first given in London last summer. Christian Bérard has designed new dresses for it—using soft blues and greens and some white—which are worthy of the pure, gay beauty and technical interest of Fokine's choregraphy as the original costumes certainly were not. The chief role, created in London by Nana Gollner, is shared by Markova, whose lightness, delicate precision and slender build are ideally suited to such a part, and Mia Slavenska. The latter, who has not been seen in London, except on the screen (in *La Mort du Cygne*), is a guest artist with the company while they are at Monte Carlo. Her strong technique and her beauty are outstanding. Michel Panaieff is the chief classical dancer of the company; he came to London with René Blum last year

Photographs by Anthony

The Yugo-Slavian Ballerina

Below: Slavenska and Panaieff in the Pas de Deux



Michel Panaieff in a Bérard Costume

Albert Buysse, *the Belgian defender of the title (right), was also self-appointed comedian of the race. He took the track and the news in one when the race was neutralised each night*

Roundabout

Cyclists at Wembley

The third annual six-day cycle race at Wembley Stadium finished at eleven o'clock last Saturday. The two men in each team had been cycling and resting alternately since Monday, pushing the light frame round the 176-yard track, then slipping into a narrow bunk for a rub down, restoratives and dreamless sleep. The finishers had completed over two thousand miles, equivalent to a trip from Perpignan along the Riviera into Italy or from Venice to Budapest—yet all the time in North London; a curious sport, more popular hitherto in France and America than here, but a great test of sheer endurance

Jerry Rodman, *who is taking a running feed and drink on the right, is an American Jew whose partner was Irish Henry O'Brien. The latter said if anyone wasn't content to ride against him, they could fight him as well*

Roger Deneef, *of Belgium, takes a look to see how much sleep the trainer has set on the clock (left). His partner, Naeye, injured his face by a fall in the early rounds*

Cees Pellenaers *knew how to take it easy while neutralised, too; he read a fan letter. His partner was Frans Slaats*

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Travel Routes of To-morrow

By Charles Ward

Henry Horne, of Seager Evans, with Flight Lieut. "Tommy" Rose, seen in the cockpit of an "Eagle"

The Air Way to All Countries

A PROSAIC notice from the General Post Office announces that first-class mail for Belgium and Switzerland, prepaid at the ordinary international rate, posted in ordinary boxes and not marked in blue for air transmission, will be despatched, nevertheless, by night air mail when accceleration in delivery can be obtained. In practice, this means every night, unless severe fog or hurricane is predicted. A further paragraph reminds the sender that Malta and Gibraltar, our principal "possessions" in Europe—also Portugal and Spain—are the only Continental countries excluded from the scheme, and presumably the two latter are cut off in emergency because there 's a war on. The air way to all other countries is open, not only for his Majesty's mails, but for passengers and freight. The Flugplan published by Lufthansa, the German air combine, is a fascinating map consisting of circles for towns, straight lines for air routes and numbers to key the routes to the time-table. Its detail is staggering, but no more so than the fact that an air liner leaves England for the Continent every fifteen minutes during every day.

The Royal Dutch

LORD GOWRIE, Governor-General of Australia, and Lady Gowrie flew to England from the Dutch East Indies by K.L.M., having spent a week in those delectable islands as the guests of the local government. In July, the East Indian branch of K.L.M. will inaugurate a service to Australia with Lockheed Super Electras. Batavia to Sydney is scheduled for 2½ days. The new liners are all-metal, each weighing 7½ tons and carry eleven passengers at a cruising speed of at least 230 miles an hour. The same type will be used on the services from Amsterdam to Doncaster and Liverpool. Freight forms a considerable proportion of the traffic handled by air to and from the East. Restocking a Zoological Garden becomes a much simpler matter, as all types of livestock prefer flying to the sickening roll of an ocean liner. With very few exceptions, fish, flesh and fowl are accepted by K.L.M., with a special livestock fee of fifty per cent. above normal freight rate, except day-old chickens, which travel at the ordinary charge. Dogs with passengers go at excess baggage rate, and very small dogs may be allowed in the cabin if other passengers do not object.

A New British Liner

THE de Havilland type 95, to which brief reference was made last week under the title, "The shape of things to fly," is the first all-metal aircraft to be built at Hatfield. A process known as the "drop hammer" has been installed. The policy of de Havillands has been to utilise wood, metal or plastics, according to the efficiency of the material for the job. The new 'plane will utilise two Bristol engines of the sleeve-valve type and is designed to cruise at 200 miles an hour plus. Twelve to eighteen passengers will be carried, according to range required, together with a crew of three. It will be comparable with the best that the States can produce and deliveries are expected early next year. The number, de H. 95, is of interest, as it indicates the number of aircraft designed since 1914-15. The de H.1 and 2 were pushers, the latter creating a fine record as a fighter quite early in the European War. The de H.3 was a twin-engined type with two Beardmore motors, probably the first successful twin to be built in England. De Havilland's second twin was the "10," of which a large number were built in 1918, but few were used, because the Armistice broke out too soon.

"The Aeroplane"

A record-breaker brought up to date. The latest Vega Gull, Gipsy engine, is a particularly fine-looking aeroplane. Note the new moulded windscreen, which is an aid to higher speed

Wings Over Britain

THERE is to be a spectacular display of air power during the week prior to Empire Air Day, Saturday, May 28. Five formations of bombers will tour the country, including a mass flight over London. Coastal towns will see flying boats, seaplanes and aircraft from the Carriers. On the day itself, there will be eighty-one displays available to the public. All proceeds of Empire Air Day go to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, which is the Service charity devoted to relieving cases of distress amongst the dependents of airmen who are disabled or die on duty. One of the special places of interest on the 28th will be Cardington, the airship base in Bedfordshire, where a balloon barrage for anti-aircraft defence will be flown. At the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow, a quantity of new equipment is on view in the R.A.F. Pavilion, including a "Hurricane," partly in section form, with its battery of machine-guns concealed in the wing. The robot voice-recorder is an attraction—it is used in the radio training school so that pilots may discover and correct faults in their own speech. A map of the world, executed in wrought iron and glass, illustrates the air routes of the Empire and aerodromes of the R.A.F. and Dominions. The fate of Renfrew as an airport is in the balance—the local authorities have indicated that the present lease for operations will not be renewed, their reason being that the Air Ministry refuses co-operation. No better time could have been chosen for such a protest, as Renfrew will be needed by air traffic to and from the Exhibition.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 138

Joe Wing Checks In

By B. L. Jacot

Illustration by Tom Chadwick

With the lazy, effortless grip of the Chinese bred to the delicate art of lettering, Joe Wing was tracing fine gold lines in the tail of a peacock on the door of a lacquered cabinet. He had occupied this dust-proof factory cell for eighteen years, working to a satin finish with those long-fingered hands, but no one knew much about old Joe Wing. Some said he had come to this country as a sailor, but he never said much. His work was excellent, and for years he had been left to himself.

He was wrinkled like an old apple and each day he brought his dinner in a neat parcel, eating it by himself in his room. You could never tell what he was thinking, but his dress was distinctive enough—for you never saw him without the same green bowler hat perched on the back of his head, inside or out, and the rest of his wardrobe seemed to consist of that shapeless raincoat and those old flannel trousers and spotless shirts which he wore always open at the neck. No one bothered much about him.

But a change had lately come over him. Thoughts of his ancestors had impressed themselves upon him. He had come to an age when these things must be considered, and he did not want to die in this foreign country. The age-old instincts of the greatest civilisation warned against shaming his ancestors and losing his soul. He had decided to start his journey half across the world.

To-day was Friday. In a few hours now he would be standing in the queue before the cashier's window. He had come to the factory originally out of the streets, and, showing his brushes, said "Lacquer." They gave him a chance to substantiate the claim. Joe Wing had a swiftness and sureness of touch handed down by the centuries. Every Friday since then he had drawn his money. This time would be the last.

The money he drew was good. It was more than sufficient to keep him in the bedroom that had been his home for eighteen years. The surplus had only one function for Joe Wing. He did not smoke, or drink or spend money at theatres. Every Friday he took himself round to the shop of his old acquaintance, Li Mung Chu, and, first lingering with such delicacies as ginger root and the soft, sticky cakes of far-away Canton, he removed his coat and squatted on the floor of the back room, looking on the face of Fortune to see if she smiled that day.

No Chinese who works to get money for gambling would waste it by spending it in any other way. Sometimes Joe Wing would rise from the floor in the early hours of a Saturday morning with ample funds, more often not: but each week he had money for gambling, and he was content.

He packed his brushes that night with care. He loved his brushes. It was said in the factory that he could pick human hairs out of velvet pile quicker than you could see, with those delicate, tapering

nails of his. He could balance two eggs at the same time, one at the end of his first and fourth fingers, then, just as you were wondering how this could be, he would flip his narrow hand in the air and catch those eggs—*one* . . . *two*—on the backs of his outstretched fingers. Albert James, the boiler-man, said that he could deal cards so fast that he kept three cards in the air at a time. He was dealing the fourth before his first card had hit the table . . .

Joe Wing had always taken great care of his hands, and his brushes. For a scholar learned in the craft of lettering, the brush must become part of the hand. The brush certainly lived when Joe Wing made his caressing strokes with it. The little Cantonese knew as much of the London he had lived in so long as might a London pigeon or a suburban cat. But he was a craftsman with his hands.

When he reached his lodgings that evening he paid his landlady, washed himself carefully, and, dreaming his dream, prised up the plank in the floor, and groped for his money-box. The notes and coins were dusty and discoloured. Against this journey to his ancestors some of them had lain in darkness for nearly twenty years. He counted his hoard carefully. Seventy pounds. It was not enough, but Joe Wing was not worrying about that. The Proverbs told him an honourable old age is not denied, and in a vision he had seen himself walking among his family, saying his name, and jingling the silver dollars in his money-bag. His plan was complete.

Gambling at the house of Li Mung Chu was a pastime, without purpose of gain. Joe Wing did not go to the house of his friend that night. He had a great respect for the fairness and honour of these English. Had he not worked faithfully among them for years? Fair play was an ancestor-god to these foreigners, and his simple plan was that these foreigners should provide. The Proverbs had said it.

It was shortly after eleven o'clock, when the drinking hours were over, that Joe Wing knocked softly on the door underneath a lamp on which was lettered: Jensen's Scandinavian Mission to Seamen. The street was a poor one, off the Commercial Road, and the salt tang of the tide was on the air, making the vision nearer. This mission was no mission and it had little to do with Scandinavia. Sailors with money to burn came here to gamble in the crude fashion of Europeans. At this place men came to win money without working. A Chinese worked to win money for gambling.

The door was answered by a barman in an apron. "Good evening, my friend," Joe Wing greeted, and waited courteously.

"Whadya want?" the man demanded.

The Chinese showed his wallet with the banknotes.

"Come in, John," the barman grinned.

"I thank you, sir," Joe Wing told him.

Round the walls were machines for gambling on the run of a steel ball—queer ways to look on the face of Fortune, thought Joe Wing. "Take a drink, John?" shouted a man behind a bar.

"I do not drink," Joe Wing said. "But I wish to play."

"Where's your money?"

Joe Wing bowed deferentially. He showed his wallet. "Seventy pounds," he said.

The man behind the bar called and his friend strolled over. "Good enough for me!" he said quickly, and exchanged a glance with the barman. "I'll take you. What'll you shoot?"

Joe Wing had it all planned. "The turn of the cards," he said.

"You like it quick, eh?"

"That is my wish."

"Got room for us upstairs, Fred?"

(Concluded on page vi)

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch
STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 3
Bearing the boxwood badge of the Clan Chattan the MacPhersons of Cluny are the most famous of all the septs belonging to that particular clan. According to tradition a certain MacPherson rescued a King of Scots when on a hunting expedition in the Highlands from an infuriated stag. For this service the King conferred upon him the privilege of blending the red of the Stewart tartan with the grey Macpherson. Since 1829 this old clan tartan—the "grey plaid of Badenoch or Cluny" has been reduced to a hunting tartan, while in the modern dress tartan the grey ground has been replaced by white. The MacPhersons were the victors in the famous clan battle of the North Inch of Perth against the Davidsons in 1396. It was on this occasion that they are supposed to have received from a fairy piper the famous Black Chanter on the preservation of which the fortunes of the Clan are supposed to depend.
IT'S GOOD
IT'S GILBEY'S
Gilbey's
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
10 YEARS OLD

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Strange Worlds

By Alan Thomas

THERE have been many speculations on the shape of things to come: but few, I think, have led us into such strange paths as Mr. Andrew Marvell with his *Minimum Man* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*). This is a sociological thriller, and a real thriller at that; but if men are destined to turn into the soulless, heartless, mathematically-minded pigmies that creep up and down the pages of this book, then Heaven help us! There is, however, no real danger of that, any more than there is of the introduction of sanity into a mad world—which is what Mr. Marvell's manikins stand for; and in that sense the horrid little creatures must command our admiration. The first sight we catch of them—or, rather, of one of them—is in the back seat of a car belonging to a free-lance journalist. Napoleon his name was—the manikin's, not the journalist's—and his arrival there, like his arrival into the world, resulted from an accident. Further accidents ensued: for, you see, a little fellow less than a foot high, armed with a razor, can do a lot of damage. The story is set in the nineteen-fifties, by which time—in order no doubt to emphasise the world's madness—England has gone Fascist under the leadership of one Jellaby (surely he would have adopted a less flabby name?). By devious routes we are brought to the Minimum Man's colony, somewhere in the hills of Wales, and there we learn what it is these little men are up to. About the only characteristic—beyond the shape of their bodies—that they share with homo sapiens, is that they are in need of funds. So with the help of our journalist friend a raid is organised for the theft of a valuable diamond from a millionaire's house in Mayfair. This raid—a walkover, of course, for the little men—is but a prelude to the bigger, brighter and better raid they make on Jellaby's Fascist Government. In the end, mind triumphs over matter and democracy is saved. There is not much laughter in these pages—and that in a work of satire is a weakness. On the other hand, there is plenty of excitement, and in this sense *Minimum Man* affords the maximum of entertainment.

IF you look up the *Annual Register* for eighteen hundred and six—only you will have to look pretty carefully, otherwise you will miss the reference—you may with luck find some mention of a Mr. Cope, "the green man" of Brighton, who fascinated the fashionables and loved and lost a young lady of title. It is the story of this Mr. Cope and of the love that he won and lost that Miss Clemence Dane tells in her latest novel *The Moon is Feminine* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). If this is not exactly a tale of mystery and imagination, it is at all events one in which Miss Dane keeps us hovering between the two worlds of reality and illusion. The material scene is that of Brighton under the Regency, "giddier London" by the sea, where bucks are to be seen driving about in their curricles and dowagers are busy weaving matrimonial nets for their daughters and nieces who have missed the London market. One such buck was Henry Cope—twenty-six, rich, and tantalisingly eligible: and one such remnant from the Metropolitan sales was Lady Molly Jessell, dragging out a miserable existence under the austere eye of a dragon-aunt. Into these mundane scenes of eighteenth-century modes and manners, Miss Dane weaves the story of Cope's unworldly visions of a sea-gipsy who captivated the young man's restless spirit, and of the fight which Molly waged against her powerful and elusive enemy. In spite of Miss Dane's skill in telling a story, of the delicate writing, of the power she has in making her characters—even the mysterious gipsy of the sea—"come alive," in spite of all its merits, there is something unsatisfactory about this novel. It leaves one wondering what Miss Dane is at. The reader wants some sort of an explanation: and the only one in the book suggests the old Latin tag—"obscurum per obscurius."

Queen Mary, by Margaret Lindsay Williams

Miss Williams' is one of two portraits of Queen Mary in this year's Academy; it was painted at Marlborough House, and shows her Majesty in the regalia of the Garter. Queen Mary recently acquired Miss Williams' portrait of Edward Prince of Wales, and other royal portraits by the Welsh artist include those of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. The dog's name is Cariad (Welsh for Darling)

This desire to have things plain is due perhaps to the fact that we, like Henry Cope, live—despite all evidences to the contrary—in an Age of Reason. But there it is. We want an explanation, and the fact that we don't get it seems to me to be a flaw in an otherwise wholly delightful novel.

IN *Society Sensations!* (Robert Hale; 12*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Horace Wyndham adds another volume to those he has already published on what he calls the drama of the dock. Here we have half-a-dozen or so nineteenth-century causes célèbres, whose common element is that each of them in some form or other caused a flutter in the dovecots of Society. The consignment may be labelled "rich, assorted." Recalling the religious controversy between Protestantism and Romanism in the early 'fifties, there is the famous case of The Queen v. Henry Newman in respect of a criminal libel alleged to have been published by him against the ex-Roman Catholic priest, Dr. Giacinto Achilli. For those who prefer a good Army scandal, there is the "Pickles" court-martial, involving the trial of a young aide-de-camp for the rape of the Commander-in-Chief's store-cupboard in India. Juiciness of a more familiar type is represented by the efforts of Lord Clancarty to release his son from the matrimonial toils of the beautiful music-hall star, Belle Bilton. And so on. Mr. Wyndham sets each record in its relevant background and enlivens his commentary with flashes of dry humour. Apart from their intrinsic interest, the cases throw amusing side-lights on the legal and social standards of the time.

THE issue of a second and up-to-date edition of M. W. Fodor's *South of Hitler* (Allen and Unwin; 10*s.* 6*d.*), gives me an opportunity of drawing attention to this remarkable book. Since 1919, Mr. Fodor has been the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent for Vienna and the Balkans. He writes as a journalist, not only with an intimate acquaintance with the events of our own times, but also with a vast knowledge of the historical background. This volume, in which the author leads us "through the intricate maze of troubles, intrigues, ambitions and conflicts, and all the paraphernalia that appertains to this lunatic-asylum called Central Europe," is crammed full of easily digested information on the present state of European affairs, with some pointers added on what we may expect to happen in the future. Whether Czechoslovakia or Hungary is to be next on Hitler's list, what is certain, in Mr. Fodor's view, is that "no one will be missed"—unless it can be shown that the smaller Powers in Central and South-East Europe have one or two big Powers standing by, ready to support them in case of need.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Evening dresses this season may be divided into two distinct types, the picturesque with wide, flowing skirts, and the sophisticated, in which the material is either draped or moulded to stress the natural lines of the figure. A charming example of the latter silhouette from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, is shown on the right. It is carried out in shell-pink chiffon richly embroidered with silver bugle beads, in a bold flower design. The dress fits like a sheath as far as the knees and then flares into soft folds of plain chiffon. An Edwardian note is struck by the shaded feather boa and the piled-up coiffure of the wearer. An extensive collection of beautiful evening dresses may be seen in these salons. One model in stiffened net is essentially romantic, with its bare shoulders and wide-spreading skirt in windswept panels shading from dark to light grey. It has a pink net underskirt and a rustling taffeta petticoat also in a delicate shade of pink with a cerise hem

Scott Bushe

The girl sitting in the deck-chair on the left is wearing one of Walpole's new embroidered linen waistcoat-blouses. It is worked in rainbow colours and has bright green buttons down the front. The knife-pleated skirt, in off-white linen, is cut with a deep hip yoke, and is also obtainable in other colours. The complete outfit costs ninety-eight and sixpence, though either garment may be purchased separately

Summer Variations

For many people the two most pressing problems of the moment are where to go for a summer holiday, and what to take in the way of clothes. The latter is a question which may be solved by a visit to Walpole's, New Bond Street, who have just brought out a new illustrated catalogue, which will gladly be sent post free on application. This firm is showing a delightful collection of holiday frocks in Macclesfield silk, which, as we all know, washes and wears almost indefinitely. It is obtainable this year in all sorts of attractive prints, including spots and floral designs, as well as in plain colours. One particularly charming dress shows a black pimpernel design on a coral-pink ground. It has short sleeves and a scalloped Peter Pan collar. Fine tucking is introduced on the bodice and it only costs seventy-nine and sixpence

Get into print is Walpole's advice this season, and choose either a small neat design or something very bold and daring. In one of their new models a smart bolero effect is achieved by introducing a wide corselet sash in a plain colour. The dress is in printed crêpe and costs eighty-nine and sixpence. Another equally charming frock, also in printed crêpe, is trimmed with narrow pleating round the collar and sleeves. The dress on the left is carried out in a new material which is practically uncrushable. It has a braided appearance, which is achieved by the raised embroidered stripes, and is very brightly coloured. Tucking is introduced at the waist to give a slender figure, while the skirt has a panel of knife-pleating across the front. It costs five and a half guineas and is obtainable with either a black, brown or navy ground

Scott Bushe

The Bystander Turns in search of Novelties

Discovered by Peta
Pictured by Pam

This watering-can is quite invaluable when filling up the flower vases with water, as it has an extra long spout which makes it easier to manipulate. It costs 9s. 6d. at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, and is attractively decorated with leather barbola flowers

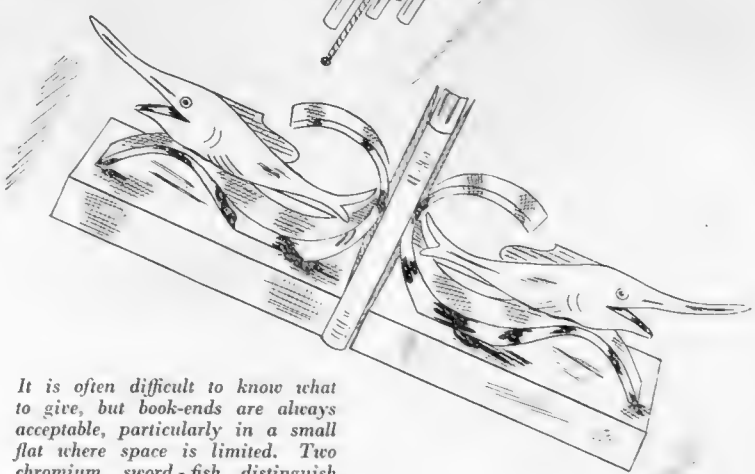
Whichever planet was in the ascendant at your birth, you will find this Saturn reading-lamp a lucky influence. It is designed in chromium and glass with a shell-pink globe, and may be seen at Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street

A lacquered cigarette-case would delight the heart of any bride, and this one from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is exceptionally decorative. It costs 27s. 6d., and is richly coloured in gold and jewel shades. There is also a spill-proof powder-box to match for 15s. 6d.

Almost every type of informal headgear is being worn this season, especially in the country. The girl on the right has chosen spotted oil silk for her "pixie" hood, which is shower-proof. It ties under the chin with scarf ends and costs 4s. 11d. at Dickins and Jones. Others in plain colours are 3s. 6d.

Many attractive gifts in chromium plate are being sold by Waring and Gillow at specially reduced prices. Among these is this tubular dinner-gong suspended from an elephant's head. It costs 11s. and should be attached to a wall or bracket

There is nothing like a strong glare for bringing on a headache, so next time you sit in the sun or play tennis, be sure to wear one of these sports eye-shades from Dickins and Jones. They are made in coloured raffia with a protective hair-net, and cost 2s. 6d.



It is often difficult to know what to give, but book-ends are always acceptable, particularly in a small flat where space is limited. Two chromium sword-fish distinguish the pair above from Waring and Gillow. They stand on a marble base and cost two guineas

Golf Clubs at Home : Tyrrells Wood, Surrey

The Tyrrells Wood Golf Club lies in an attractive fold of the Surrey hills. The natural beauty of the surroundings and the course makes it difficult to believe that it is only nineteen miles from Charing Cross. The Club's ground was formerly a private park, consequently clumps of trees beautify as well as hazardise the course. The mansion makes a spacious and gracious club-house

(1) Gilbert C. Layton (director). (2) D. C. Norman (director). (3) R. A. Wilson (captain). (4) I. J. L. Saltmarsh (secretary). (5) A. L. Brodie (committee). (6) A. H. W. Moore (committee). (7) J. A. Martin. (8) P. R. Bennett (ex-captain) and Dr. L. D. Bailey (ex-captain). (9) G. E. Beney (committee) and G. Bailey

A View of the Club-house

"Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth

By Eleanor E. Helme

BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes seem too often to be the victim of spite on the part of the Clerk of the Weather. This year of all others it might have seemed likely that players would get round with dry feet and umbrellas left in the bags, if not in the club-house, but, as ill-luck would have it, the one wet morning out of dear knows how many coincided with the fixture.

However, things might always be worse than they are. We might not have been at Wentworth, where the greens are kept watered, and so less prone than they must otherwise have been to collect casual water. Wentworth, moreover, being pure sand, somehow disposed of what casual water there had been in the morning immediately the rain stopped—which it did as soon as every couple had been drenched more or less to the skin.

But the day might have been still, dry, and mild, for all that Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Wanda Morgan's golf was affected by it. Seventy-three gross round the East course at Wentworth does not sound the kind of score which they could have bettered under any conditions, and 149 is a winning scratch total which may long stand unbeaten on the cups. It is good to feel that such names now decorate them; it is the first time that "Miss Jessie Anderson" has adorned a BYSTANDER Cup; Miss Morgan, of course, is on the Autumn ones in company with Miss Doris Chambers.

Their opponents were enthusiastic about the beauty of their play; how the shots up to the pin covered it the whole way; with what confidence they putted, regardless of sodden turf; of how Miss Anderson holed a chip back at the second hole for a three; how the rest of it, barring a six at the sixth, was so faultless as to need no description, all the five short holes, for example, being taken in regulation threes.

Winners and "Bystander" Cups

The British Champion and the English Champion won the "Bystander" One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth—that is, Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Wanda Morgan. Their score of 149 was good, in the bad conditions

THIS happened in the morning—a really cheering card to check as one sat in Wentworth's big hall listening to the rain and the wind outside, speculating how many cards would come in illegible, how many couples would refuse to face the elements again after lunch, and if so, whether an even number of couples would be left to go out or if—this was a very real fear—we should find ourselves left with two couples who had played one on the East and the other on the Centre, so that never the twain should meet. For this is a complicated affair, wherein half the competing couples play on one course in the morning, changing over at lunch-time.

Miss Anderson and Miss Morgan's card is worth looking at, considering especially the conditions: 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 6, 3, 4, 4=35 out; 3, 5, 3, 5, 4, 5, 5, 3, 5=38 in =73. Nine strokes behind came Miss Regnart and Mrs. Guedalla with 41 each way, a stroke behind them Mrs. Heppel and Miss Gourlay with 83, then Miss Falkner and Mrs. L. Martin 84, Lady Diana Neumann and Miss Gibbons 85. Any inclination to think leniently that these were good cards was crushed by that relentless 73, equalling par.

THE Centre course is in some ways more destructive than its longer neighbour. Hair-raising tales came in of how many shots were finding the pond at the fifth, until one couple, distinguished ever since their Girls' Championship days, were in serious danger of having to cease fire for lack of ammunition. Mrs. Gage and Miss Phyllis Wade came in early with 79, at which figure they were later joined by Miss Pywell and Mrs. Deacon, the Wiltshire pair who went so far at Ranelagh last autumn. But the pair to head Miss Harvey's beautiful two-colour lists were Lady Alness and Mrs. Garon with 75, Miss Fishwick and Miss Mervyn Barton not far behind with 77, and Lady Katharine Cairns and Miss D. R. Fowler, 78.

And the most amazing card of all, perhaps, came from Mrs. Cavendish Fuller and Miss

Prize-winners at the Club-house

Four of the prize-winners were Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. O'Neill Butler, who, playing round their home course, won the handicap prize with 142; and Miss Julia Hill and Mrs. S. V. Hicks, who won the Centre course scratch prize with 70

Prize-winners on the Course

The umbrella'd quartet is Mrs. J. L. Deacon and Miss M. Pywell (North Wilts.), who won the Centre course handicap prize, Mrs. John Gage (Sunningdale) and Miss Phyllis Wade (Bournemouth), who returned a score of 88 and 79 (167)

Miss Stroyan, Miss Pemberton, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Preston

The "Bystander" One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes were played in wind and rain, which did not discourage Sheila Stroyan, Joan Pemberton, Jean Hamilton or Mrs. Eric Preston from smiling at the camera

Miss Dix Perkin, Mrs. Terry, Mrs. Arnell, Mrs. Gray

Miss Barbara Dix Perkin and Mrs. Terry, a Woking pair, won the East course handicap prize; their total score was 161. Mrs. D. C. Arnell and Mrs. C. D. Gray are a Berkshire pair

Wentworth Fashion Note

Ski caps were not so inappropriate in the cold gale for the "Bystander" foursomes; they were worn by Diana Fishwick and Mervyn Barton, who returned third best score, 157

B. K. Browne, who took 50 to go out on that course, and 35 to come home!

THIS was a situation full of possibilities. Cold arithmetic suggested that if Miss Anderson and Miss Morgan kept even reasonably steady, say 75, over that Centre course, Lady Alness and Mrs. Garon would have to do 73 on the East to tie, Miss Fishwick and Miss Barton 71, and everybody else something fantastic in the sixties, which would also be the requirements of any couple who had already played on the Centre and were now to tackle the East.

As it happened, Miss Anderson's side did worse than was expected—76, in fact—though the Centre course par is 68; they avoided the pond, but had bushes instead, and it was their opponents, Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Miss Julia Hill, who took a leaf out of their book and got round that tricky course in 70 good shots. Nobody went anywhere near that, and it was only their grisly morning round on the East which kept this pair from heading other lists besides Scratch and Handicap on the Centre. Their pitching, in particular, was quite excellent, so their distinguished opponents said. Naturally, one cannot run a complicated competition like this, even with such grand helpers as Miss Harvey, Mrs. Dinerman and Miss W. E. Hill, and watch the play at the same time.

THE chief excitement, as the afternoon hours wore on, was 79 on the East from Mrs. Garon and Lady Alness, which was to take the scratch prize there (cup winners ineligible), and 80—9=71 from Mrs. Terry and Miss Dix Perkin, which won the handicap there. Miss Dix Perkin is in rare form this year, and Mrs. Terry has played convincing golf for many years.

It was soon apparent that nobody could possibly win the scratch cups except Miss Anderson and Miss Morgan; it was the handicap aggregate which hung in the balance. First, 150 net from Lady Alness and Mrs. Garon looked good enough; then 149 from Mrs. Deacon and Miss Pywell; then, with a leap, Mrs. Terry and Miss Dix Perkin went to the top with 143. Then, last couple in from the Centre, came Mrs. O'Neill Butler and Mrs. Llewellyn, who had headed the handicaps on the East at lunch-time with 87—12=75 (not counting Miss Anderson's and Miss Morgan's 73+1½=74½), and now added to it a 67 net on the Centre for 142. That was a remarkably consistent performance, and it is rather worth noting that both aggregate winners were leading at

(Concluded on page viii)

Mrs. Cameron, Miss Pockett, Miss Norris, Mrs. Kennedy

Mrs. Lovat Cameron (West Sussex) and Miss Beryl Pockett (Worthing) had a towel tied inside their umbrella; Miss Brenda Norris, dressed in an all-waterproof outfit, held her umbrella over Mrs. Kennedy, of West Hill

Miss Mordant, Mrs. Birdwood, Mrs. Henley, Mrs. Fagan

Standing on the soaked Wentworth course were Miss C. Mordant (St. George's Hill), Mrs. Birdwood (Royal Mid-Surrey), Mrs. W. E. Henley, who is from the local club, and Mrs. Fagan (St. George's Hill)

Right: Ladislaus Czettel, designer to the Vienna Opera, Salzburg Festival and Reinhardt productions, is showing some of his work at Maple's Gallery in Grafton Street. With him at the private view is Lady Read

Below: Lord Howard de Walden and Lord Balniel were at the private view of Lord Howard de Walden's exhibition of "Traveller's Sketches" at the Goupil Gallery, being held in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Ballet Music

The Hon. Mrs. Gillilan and Miss Joscelyn Hawdon discussing the music of the "Woodland Ballet" to be produced by Wendy Toye for the Queen Mary Birthday Ball in aid of the Royal Eye Hospital on May 26th. Mrs. Gillilan has written the music for the ballet. Miss Hawdon is appearing in it

Below: Cathleen Mann (Lady Queensberry) has an exhibition at the Lefèvre Galleries at the moment, as well as pictures in the Academy. Among her portraits is the self-portrait beside which she stands

Designs for the Theatre

Affairs of Art

Below is Lady Mendl emerging from the Burlington House private view. She is over here from Paris for a few weeks

A Traveller's Sketches

Portraits, Landscapes, Flower Pictures by Cathleen Mann

Royal Academy—Lady Mendl

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Roads to the Moortown Finals

J. F. Pennink, Royal Ashdown Court Golf Club, won the English Championship on the Moortown golf-course for the second year in succession by defeating S. E. Banks, of the Hallamshire G.C., in the final of thirty-six holes, by two holes up and one hole to play.

I have no doubt that the majority of those who watched the play at Moortown hold the opinion that the right man won. I always like to see the best player win, and I do like to see him chased, shaken and shattered before he receives the cup, and Pennink most certainly must have had some very anxious moments in his second-, third- and fourth-round matches. After doing 79 and 76—respectable, but not good scores—for Sussex in the County Championship on the Saturday before the Championship started, he began with a comfortable win by 5 and 3 over C. D. Greenhalgh, of the Turton G.C. In his second-round match, against J. Rushforth, of Halifax, he was two down on the fifteenth tee, and had to hole a putt of over two yards on the last green to save his neck, and then won at the nineteenth, where his second looked suspiciously like a half-top. In the third round, against Tom Day, of Dewsbury, he was let off most generously at the eighteenth hole. He was bunkered from the tee, and only a little in front of Day's tee shot in two; Day had only to putt a short iron on the green to halve the match, but he sliced his shot to blazes and got entangled in gorse bushes, and when he finally appeared he had given up the hole. In the fourth round, Pennink had another very close match against J. H. Wales, of Skipton. Wales might easily have lost the first three holes, but he saved himself at the first by holing a good putt, at the second by holing a chip shot, and at the third by holing a really long putt. After a good deal of give and take, generally more give than take, the match was level on the seventeenth tee, at which hole both players holed good putts for a half. Wales made a complete mess of the eighteenth, and allowed Pennink, like too many others, to win it in five for the match, after both players had taken three putts.

Pennink had now played himself in, and had not much trouble with his opponents until he met Sydney Banks in the final. He disposed of, in turn, F. Haughton, of the neighbouring club, Sandmoor, by 8 and 6; E. H. Moss, of Knole Park G.C., who had given Pennink his golf half-blue at Oxford, by 3 and 2; and J. Stretton Cox, of Handsworth, by 7 and 6. Moss alone of these offered resistance. He was three down after four holes, reduced his deficit to one, and was still only one down on the fourteenth tee; but Pennink had now got his second wind, and polished his man off on the sixteenth green.

Sydney Banks had a harder row to hoe than Pennink to reach the final; of his first six matches, only two finished before the eighteenth green. Banks started with a walk-over, and then slaughtered G. F. Gowland, of Enfield, by 8 and 7. From now on, except in his fifth-round match, when he always had the better of E. Bromley Davenport, he had to fight hard for victory. Banks, like Pennink, always finished very strongly and thus made up for any misdemeanours earlier in his rounds. In the third round he had a tremendous dog-fight with George Carter, the ex-captain of Cambridge, and only won by lofting a stymie on the last green, when his ball was five feet from the hole and his opponent's three inches; Banks pitched slap into the hole and stayed there. In the fourth round he beat Rex Hartley a shade easier than he did at Formby in 1934. At Formby he had to play twenty-three holes before victory; at Moortown, nineteen holes were sufficient. Banks was fortunate, as Hartley, who was dormie two, overshot both the seventeenth and eighteenth greens. Hartley's shot to the eighteenth green looked a good one in the air, but it skidded on landing, and went close to the gorse over the green, which was unpleasantly close to it, and thus gave the coward an unjust advantage at this hole. Crawley, in the sixth round squared his match with Banks at the fifteenth green, and after a hard half at the sixteenth, played the last two holes badly and lost them both. Banks in this match finished very strong: he had a putt for a three at the sixteenth and seventeenth, and got his three at the eighteenth. Banks, after beating Crawley in the morning, had another great tussle with J. W. Butler in the afternoon. The golf was not good in this match, although many brilliant and gallant shots were played in difficult weather conditions; a strong wind was blowing from the north, and keen greens made the approach play difficult.

When he was all square and three plus x holes to play, Butler had trouble with the ditch across the sixteenth hole and lost it. Banks lost the seventeenth when he hit himself in a bunker. At the eighteenth, both players hit good drives, and then Butler ran through the green, and Banks won the hole with an easily and perfectly played four, which might have been a three.

Champion Remains Champion

Frank Pennink retained his English title at Moortown after climbing arduously through the draw to meet S. E. Banks (Hallamshire) in the final and beat him by 2 and 1 round thirty-six holes

James Bruen Drives a New Hope into British Golf

A seventeen-year-old schoolboy, already amateur champion of Ireland and a Walker Cup trialist, made his inclusion in the team a certainty at St. Andrews last week when he returned the startling score of 68, equalling Bobby Jones' amateur record for the championship course. He did more. He put fresh hope into the officials and the public of a game whose amateur trophies seemed destined to accumulate in the United States. Gent and Dowie, watching this drive at left of picture, were unfortunate to be Bruen's opponents in the three-ball that day, and finished respectively 4 down and 6 down

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On the cricket field *at Christ Church, Oxford, a little slow after the rain, the Australians played the second match of their tour against Oxford University. That safe opener, Fingleton, is here turning his century with a leg boundary past the Oxford keeper, R. E. Whetherly*

At the field's side *sat the two captains before the Oxford-Australia match, which was described as batting practice for the latter: J. N. Grover and Don Bradman*

Howard Marshall on Sport

So Tommy Farr is to fight again, this time for £5000 against Maurice Strickland in Canada. Not a big purse for Farr, as purses go with him, but no doubt he will be glad to be in action again.

On comparative form he should beat Strickland, though I always feel that Strickland is potentially a really dangerous fighter. The way he smashed Gunnar Baerlund was significant, but in this country he has been inconsistent. He has a punch, at any rate, and Farr would be ill-advised to take him lightly.

Max Schmeling sailed for America and Joe Louis last week. Unless there is an unexpected hitch, he meets the negro for the world heavy-weight title on June 22nd. Schmeling is not so young as he was, but he remains a marvellous fighting machine, with speed and intelligence and a smashing right-hand punch. If he can strike quickly, he will beat Louis again, but if Louis can hold him off, age will be against him.

TALKING of America, there appears to be considerable dissatisfaction in that country because the Lawn Tennis Association have approved the proposal to hold the Davis Cup matches biennially. Great Britain, they say, is hoisting the white flag at the worst possible moment.

It does not seem to me that the white flag comes into the picture. The Davis Cup competition, like most other forms of international sport, has become exceedingly strenuous and exacting, and I doubt whether much harm would be done to the game if it were dropped altogether.

Perhaps that is a somewhat sweeping suggestion, but it accords with my conviction that the tension of life, in sport as in everything else, must be progressively lessened if we are to retain our sanity, or even, for that matter, our civilisation. There is plenty of competition for lawn tennis players, at Wimbledon and elsewhere, without any extraneous cup-chasing.

THERE is certainly likely to be tension on our cricket fields this summer. I have spent a week watching the Australians, and once or twice I have ventured the opinion in public that on the whole they are pretty good players. This has brought me a shoal of letters from apparently intelligent individuals who chastise me with scorpions for daring to suggest, even by inference, that any Australian is better than any Englishman.

I do think Bradman is a rather better batsman than any we have over here, and I wish I could believe that we had a bowler or two in O'Reilly's class. And I cannot for the life of

(Concluded on page 252)

Lord Apsley *played polo for Gainford in the first round of the junior cup at the Beaufort Club, was cut on the cheek by a rising ball, took stitches, played on and saw his side beat Sherston by their handicap margin (4½—3). Next day he did not play*

Tartan colours *were worn by Miss W. Hilder when she won the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race of the Crawley and Horsham point*

This England . . .

The Lambourn Downs overlooking Letcombe Bassett

DEEP in rural England you may yet find innocently pagan celebrations of the coming of May. But the last great maypole in a city was that erected in the London Strand in 1661. So great indeed that to raise it "twelve seamen were commanded off a boord, and brought their cables, pullies, and other tacklins." (This same pole, being in decay, was acquired by Sir Isaac Newton in 1771 for the support of what was then "the largest telescope in the world" at Wanstead.) Though we dance no longer in the streets of our cities the sense of rejoicing is still in the May air. And one old custom have we kept, that in the re-born liveliness and new fatigues of May, we still do call for Worthington — full-bodied, hearty, that old companion of English merry-making.

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Howard Marshall on Sport *(continued from page 250)*

me see why a word of praise for Australia should be immediately construed as a slashing criticism of England.

I mention this because it is significant of the narrow-minded prejudice aroused by too strenuous competitive sport. I only hope the Test matches this year will do something to help us recover our sense of proportion.

This, I dare say, is a vain hope. Test matches will doubtless be as dour as ever, but at least they will be exceedingly interesting.

IT is early yet to appraise the Australians. They are obviously an uncommonly capable side, and of the newcomers, Fingleton, Hassett, Badcock, White and Barnett have already proved themselves well up to standard. Fingleton is obviously going to trouble us exceedingly. He has hardly any back-lift, but just pushes his bat steadily along the line of the ball, and I very much fear that another Woodfull is among us.

Hassett, on the other hand, is another Bradman—not as superlatively good, certainly, but with a style religiously modelled on Bradman's and all the master's mannerisms, and not a little of his skill.

Barnett is a beautiful wicket-keeper, sure and unfussy, and when Badcock is really fit he will hit the cover off the ball.

What is more, the team already gives the impression of machine-like efficiency, and Bradman is an ideal captain so far as personal leadership goes. The other players admire and respect him immensely, and that is important. We may assume that he is tactically competent, for his knowledge of the game is profound, and his intelligence exceptionally keen.

IF it would be premature to attempt any judgment yet awhile, this I do say. Watch Hassett. I fancy he may be the outstanding batting success of all the newcomers. As for McCormick, and his prodigality with no-balls, take no notice of that. McCormick is not worrying about it, and before long he will adjust his run. As to his pace, he has not let himself go yet, but I can well believe that he will be an extremely unpleasant customer with the new ball, especially if the wicket has a spot of life in it.

I have heard it said that he is not as fast as Farnes. The answer to that is not yet—but wait until the big match comes along. Then we shall see, and I am willing to wager that McCormick will make the sparks fly properly.

AND now, lest these few words of approval for Australia should be read as the worst kind of pessimism, let me hasten to add that what I have so far seen of our visitors does not diminish in the slightest my faith in England's chances. What is more, some of our players have jumped into the limelight already.

Most important is the apparently deadly form of J. W. A. Stephenson, who is wonderfully recovered from the injury to his Achilles tendon which kept him out of the game last season. Stephenson is just the sort of bowler we need very badly, a really lively fast-medium bowler with that fizz off the ground which makes the difference.

Then our youngsters are bounding ahead — Edrich, Compton, Hutton and also Gimblett, who has most strangely dropped out of the reckoning, though he is potentially so glorious a player.

***Water on the ground** and in the air marred the "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth, but did not damp the players' spirits (other pictures, pp. 245-6). The aquatic chipper is Mrs. Vigers*

I WAS particularly pleased to see Gimblett so well off the mark, and he must not be forgotten when we start picking our own England teams. At present it would be possible to pick four or five very level teams —the job is to take out eleven men so that they blend into the perfect combination.

Another youngster who must not be overlooked is Cooper, of Worcestershire, a twenty-year-old batsman who learnt his stuff in the Lancashire League against bowlers like Constantine and Fred Root. Cooper is extremely promising, in my opinion, though we need not rate him an England player yet. It is enough to put him upon the growing list of those to be remembered.

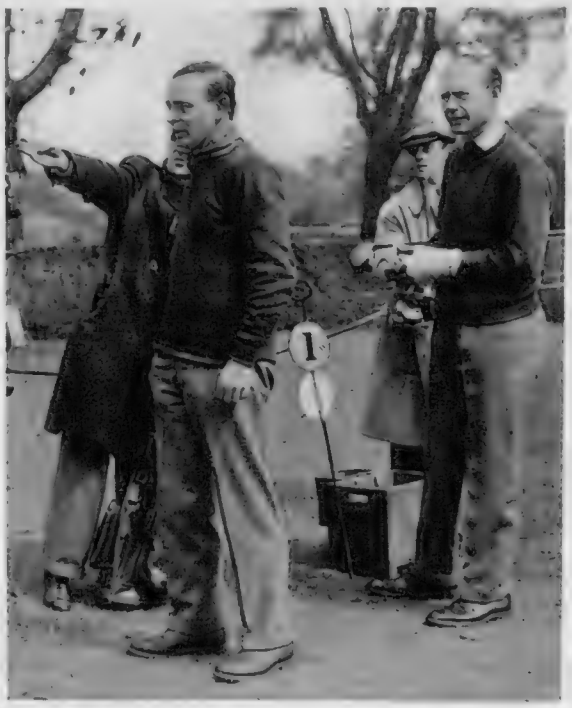
Then, also, there is D. H. Macindoe, of Oxford, a very likely fast-medium bowler of endless staying power and considerable performance. Macindoe played for the Gentlemen last summer, and he may have a trial for England this year.

TALKING of the summer, cricket conditions so far have been quite revolting. Never do I recall such a succession of rasping, cold east winds, and that has its effect on the standard of play, particularly where spin-bowlers and Australians are concerned.

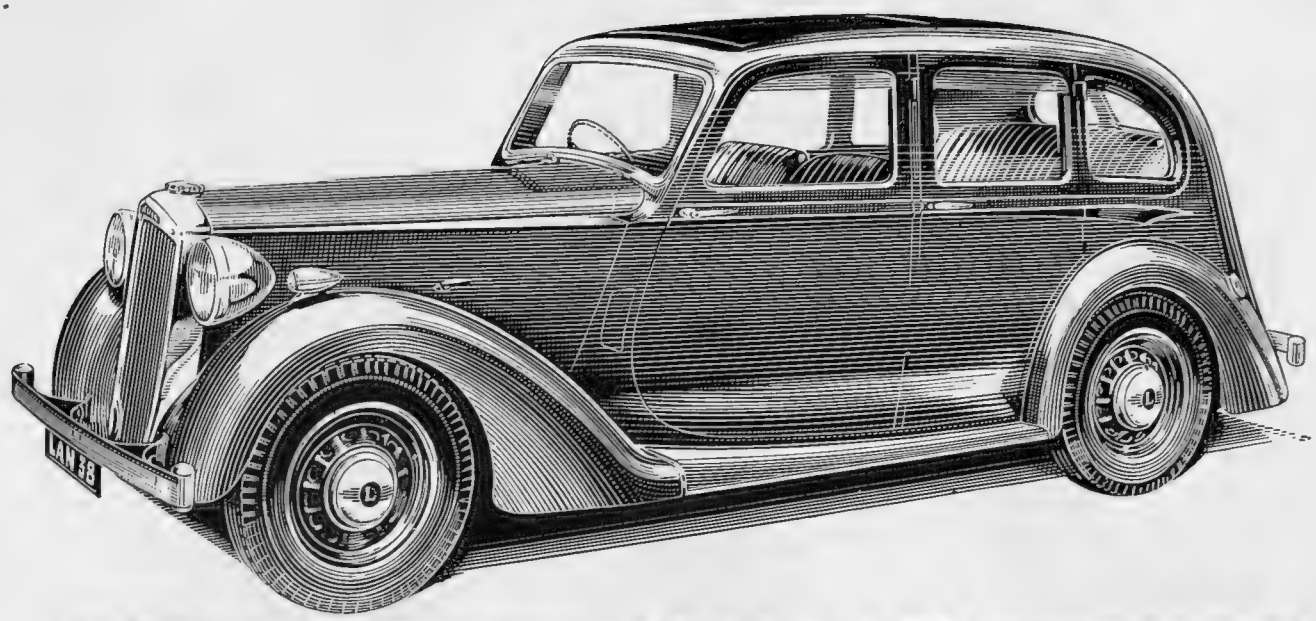
We need some blazing sunshine to light the true fires of cricket. It will come, and when it does, what grand cricket we shall see!

***On his last leave** in 1935, Capt. T. G. Henderson-Brooks, 17th Mahrattas, won the Army Lawn Tennis Championship. This time he had hoped to net a title at Hurlingham but fell in the third round. Australian Mervy Weston (right) went down in that round, too*

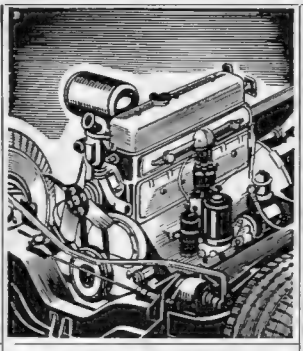
***Wimbledon prophecies** are being made about both these women from distant parts—Helen Jacobs, of America, who has just arrived here, and Nancye Wynne, of Australia, finalist both at Bournemouth and at Hurlingham*



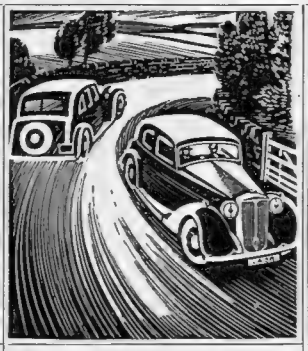
***"Keep that side** of the bunker in this wind" said the caddie to the Hon. Bernard Thomas Brassey and Lord Allerton during the Household Brigade's golf meeting at Roehampton. Mr. Brassey is Lord Brassey's second son; Lord Allerton is a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards*



1 INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING



2 HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO



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CVS—34

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

NEXT Sunday is to be the occasion of the first event at Prescott Park, where, as I announced some months ago, the Bugatti Owners' Club has developed a new hill which, it is believed, will rival Shelsley Walsh in popularity. The hill is situated on private ground at Prescott Howse, a mile out of Gotherington, near Cheltenham. One side of the road is a high grass bank which forms an ideal natural grand-stand, and there is ample room for thousands of spectators. The road is perfectly surfaced, and provides fast sweeping curves and acute bends on a steep gradient.

Four classes for racing cars will be in the programme on Sunday, and three for sports cars, these being further divided into supercharged and non-supercharged categories. In addition, there will be three classes for touring cars, and one for veteran cars running on a handicap worked out on weight, engine-size and age. Finally, there are a handicap event for cars of any capacity and a novices' event for members of the organising club.

THE official course is only half a mile long, but into the very brief spell of seconds required to complete this distance, the driver must cram hours of concentrated thinking. A notable feature of the regulations is that which provides that a 2.4-inch rolling start is allowed before the cars break the timing-cotton and release the electrical timing apparatus, which is automatically stopped as the car breaks another thread stretched across the course at the far end.

I am afraid that my interest in this climb on a new hill is such that I almost omitted to remind you that on Saturday we have the Coronation Trophy Race meeting at Donington Park. An excellent entry has been received, and a good E.R.A. versus Austin scrap for fastest time of the day seems likely to develop.

REVIEWING the R.A.C. Rally in retrospect, one or two points emerge which I should like the organisers to consider. In the first place, I must congratulate them upon the institution of the enforced stop on the second night. Everyone to whom I spoke on the Rally seemed agreed that this stop for rest has increased the enjoyment of the whole affair from a competitor's point of view by 100 per cent.

I should like the competing cars to carry numbers front and rear, instead of just facing forwards, as at present. Such numbers on the backs of the cars would greatly augment the interest for other competitors.

As to the final tests, I always feel sorry for the co-driver when it comes to these. I am certain that everyone believes that he or she could have done better than the one who drove—and, anyway, after you have completed an arduous stretch of the road section according to schedule, it seems hard to have to sit down with folded hands while the other fellow has all the fun and games. Why not have one test only, but make both drivers perform it, taking the aggregate of their times? Incidentally, this would mean that where some ravishing damsel is being taken through for the sole purpose of knocking a susceptible coach-work judge silly in the Concours d'Elegance part of the proceedings, she would then have to be carried purely as a passenger, and a third person taken as co-driver—which (quite apart from the obvious advantages of a

(Concluded on page iv)

Outdoors with an Outboard

Boating in dinghies with outboard motors is becoming increasingly popular. It is a cheap form of amusement, for a good boat costs fifteen pounds and the Evinrude motor illustrated costs eleven guineas

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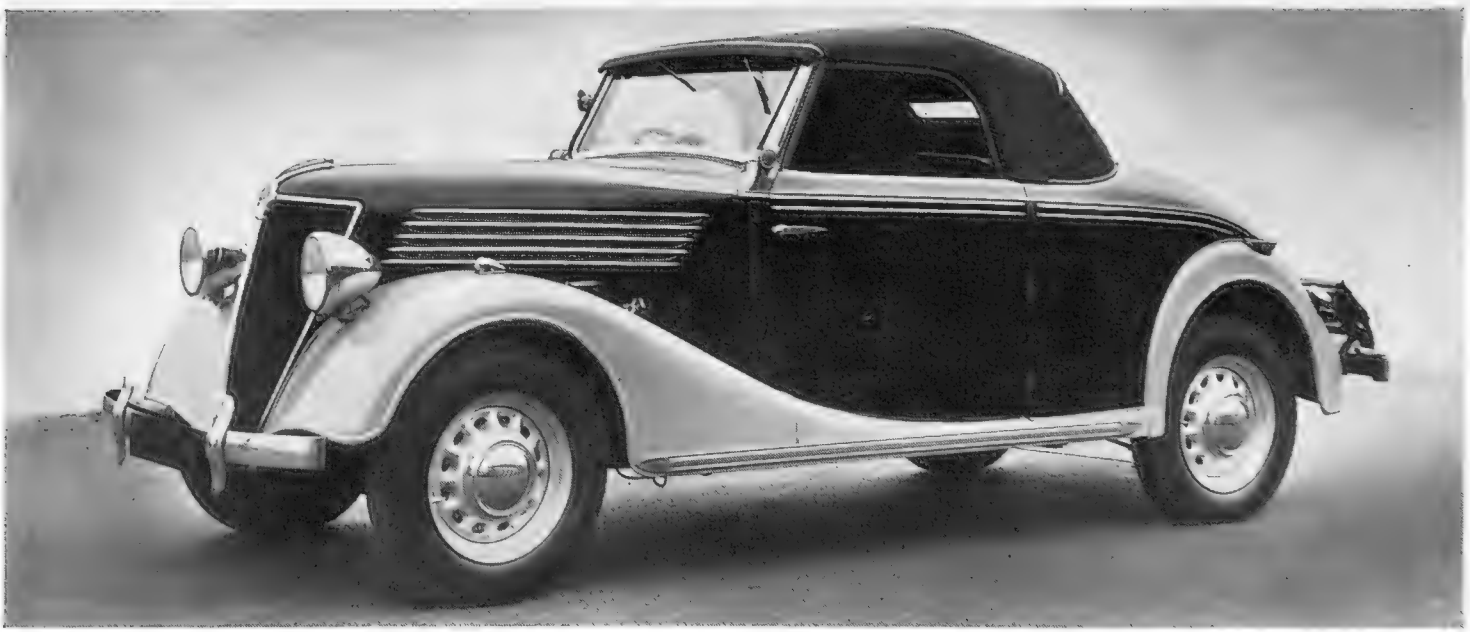


CVS—100

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page ii)*

***Lord Waleran** won the Palatine Cup at the Blackpool Motor Rally with his twelve-cylinder Lagonda drop-head coupé. Professionally in the motor-car business, he was the highest-placed Englishman in the Monte Carlo Rally, and won several awards there. With him is Mr. B. H. Black, his co-driver at Blackpool*

chaperon with such a companion!) would take more money into the controls, and would increase the value of the Rally to hotels en route and at the finish. Also, this idea would put a premium upon the pairing-off of expert crews, and so not only the cars but also their personnel would become of absorbing interest, even to papers other than women's journals!

On this year's Rally my little blue 1½-litre M.G. looked very smart when it lined up for the Coachwork Competition, but those who saw it then little knew how nearly its beauty had been marred during the Road Section.

All through Wales, the competitors were greeted with bursts of falsetto cheering as they passed by wayside schools. Children crowded the school walls and waved and shouted themselves hoarse, while slightly less abandoned, but just as enthusiastic, schoolmasters stood by and beamed on the drivers.

Shortly after we had left the check at Pentre Foelas, we were hurrying along, endeavouring to make up time, when we came upon one of these examples of scholastic enthusiasm. The driver took one hand from the steering-wheel to acknowledge the plaudits of his public, when suddenly a football sailed across the front of our windscreen. How we missed it, I shall never know. It looked as though it contained about 70 lb. pressure—bless their little hearts!

This year is the jubilee of two great firms whose names are familiar to all motorists. One is the Dunlop Rubber Company, and the other is the Anglo-American Oil Company. *Fifty Years of Growth* is the title of the handsome brochure just published by the former company, telling of the development of their wonderful organisation from the small beginnings of John Boyd Dunlop, the Irish veterinary surgeon, to their world-wide interests of to-day.

In the words of Sir George Beharrell, the chairman of Dunlops, it has been an epoch-making advance, for "without the pneumatic tyre, the world would never have known the development of the cycle, the motor-car, and the aeroplane as we know them to-day." What those changes have meant to us all is cleverly illustrated in the picture and text of this anniversary book. The story passes from Dunlop's experiments with the first pneumatic tyre (fixed by a strip of linen to a wooden disc) to the founding and remarkable progress of the company. It tells of the fifty years of research and experience that have gone to make the famous "Fort" tyre, and of the application of rubber, not only to tyres, but to sports goods, shoes, garments, and to such homely and personal products as mattresses, cushions (of "honeycombed" rubber), sponges and handbags.

The booklet is beautifully produced and illustrated throughout in colour. If you would like a copy sent to you gratis, write to the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., St. James's House, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1, mentioning the BYSTANDER.

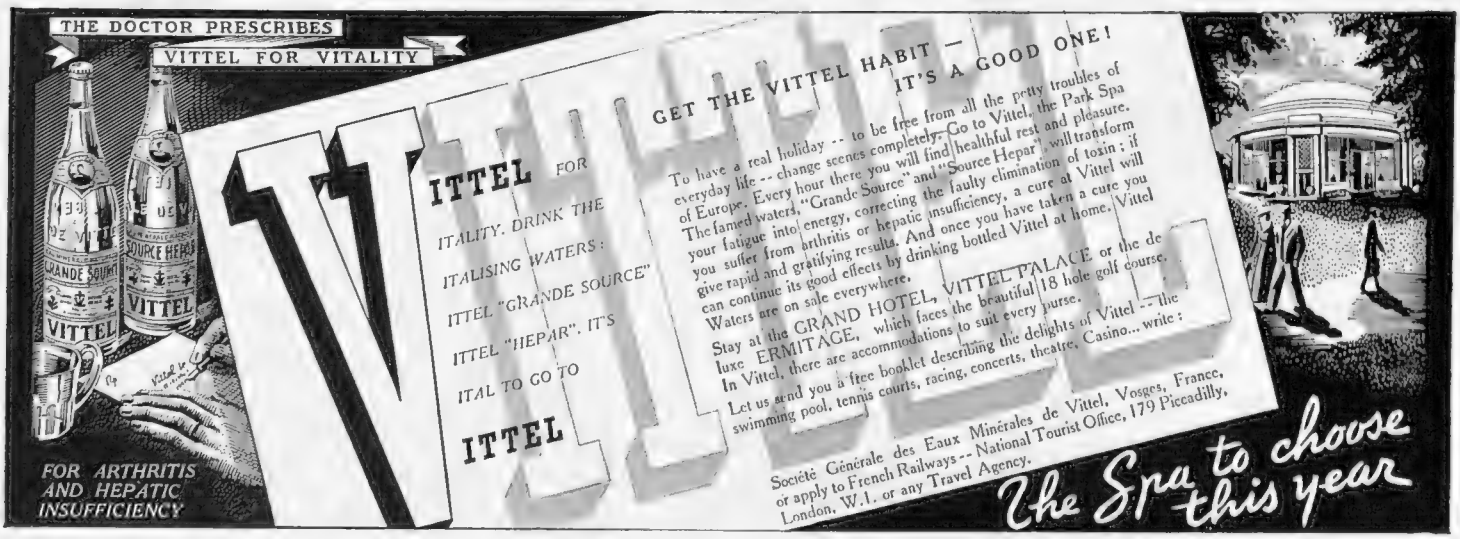
TENOVA SOCKS need no suspenders

Tenova socks have a band at the top containing Lastex yarn, which is part of the sock itself. All you have to do is to put the socks on. The band holds them gently but securely up. And every time the socks go to the laundry, they take the band along too. For town, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 and 7/6. For tennis, from 3/6. For golf, 7/6. Black silk for evening, 7/6 and 12/6. Obtainable from good shops for men.

TENOVA self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457 Reg. Design 748974

Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent Street, London, W.1. Regent 2424.



Bumps & Potholes VANISH..

VAUXHALL ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP GIVES
in the "10," "12," "14" and "25"

Remarkable Economy
(20% more m.p.g.)

Independent Springing
(changes riding into gliding)

Controlled Synchromesh
(you can't help making a good change)

No-Draught Ventilation
(fresh air without shivers)

Overhead Valves
(A Vauxhall feature for 16 years)

And many other features
most of which were pioneered by Vauxhall, some of which are still exclusive to Vauxhall

WHEN Vauxhall introduced independent front wheel springing it was unknown to the average motorist.

Now, nearly 80,000 Vauxhall owners praise it; confirm that it does change riding into gliding.

In a recent ballot to find the ideal car, independent front wheel springing was shown fourth on the final list of nineteen necessities.

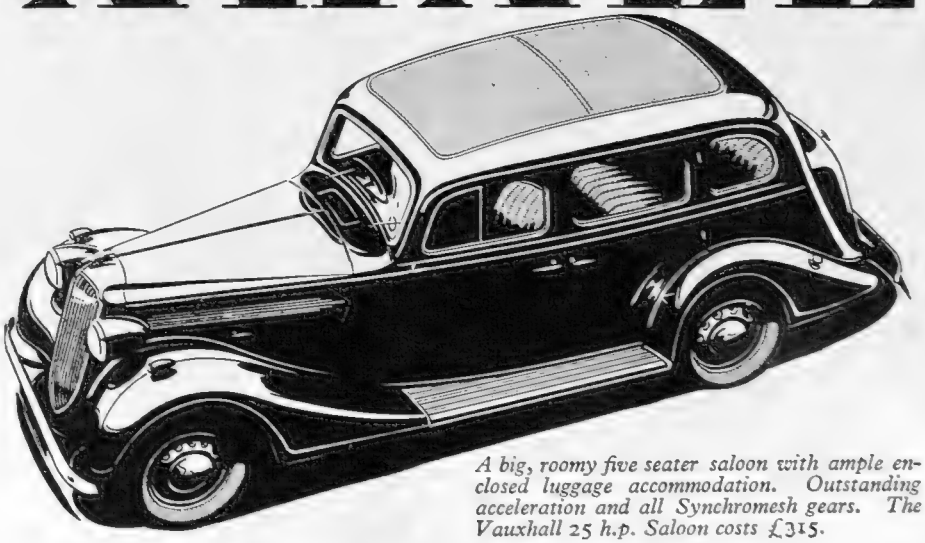
All Vauxhalls — from £168 to £595 — are fitted with the springing that makes bad roads good, good roads better and gives absolutely shock-free scientific steering.

Thanks to Vauxhall Engineering Leadership, this delightful comfort is only one of the many features that are available to the purchaser of any Vauxhall, from 10 h.p. to 25 h.p.

Unless you try a Vauxhall you are not being fair to yourself.

"ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP," a book of interest to all motorists, will be sent on request by Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton. Any Vauxhall dealer will provide an adequate trial run on any Vauxhall model and prove its petrol economy.

VAUXHALL



A big, roomy five seater saloon with ample enclosed luggage accommodation. Outstanding acceleration and all Synchromesh gears. The Vauxhall 25 h.p. Saloon costs £315.

10 H.P. FOUR

Britain's newest car. The world's most economical Ten. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the saloon did 43.4 m.p.g. Fine performance and lively acceleration. Independent Springing. Saloons from £168.

12 H.P. SIX

For the owner who wants six-cylinder performance with four-cylinder running costs. Smooth; effortless; economical. Independent Springing. Saloon £215.

14 H.P. SIX

Britain's most popular "Fourteen." Brilliant performance. Consistently improved and refined since it made motoring history. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the 14 h.p. saloon did 30.31 m.p.g. Independent Springing. De Luxe Saloon £225. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage boot £230.

★

25 H.P. SIX

Vauxhall's luxury car. Designed to meet world competition. 80 m.p.h. when you want it. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the 25 h.p. saloon did 22.48 m.p.g. Independent Springing. All Synchromesh gearbox. Hydraulic brakes. Built-in interior heater and defroster. Many other luxuries. Saloon with built-in luggage boot, £315.

★Over 1,000 miles of public roads.

Joe Wing Checks In (*Continued from page 238*)

Reaching for two decks of new cards, Fred led the way upstairs to a private room. He moved a pot containing an aspidistra from the centre of a large table and shook the dust off the cloth. "How 'll this do?"

Joe Wing smiled his approval.

"How d'you want to play this game of yours, John?"

The room was poorly lit by a single bulb hanging from the centre of the ceiling, and a doubt began to trouble Joe Wing. Greed showed in the eyes of these men.

"Your friend will stay?" he asked.

"He 'll stay," said the gambler.

Joe Wing bowed. "Will it please you to have dealt from the new pack five cards to each of us, to lie on the table? As we turn each up, the trick is lost or won according to the card, counting aces high and the order of the suits—clubs, diamonds, hearts, spades."

The big man nodded. "What are you going to stake?"

There was no smile on Joe Wing's face. In his eyes was a solemn, far-seeing look. "Seventy pounds."

"The whole shoot on the five cards?"

"If it pleases you."

"Suits me. Money on the table, though."

Joe Wing counted out his pile of notes. He handed them to Fred, and watched him collect a further seventy pounds from the other, placing the money in the centre of the table, and replacing the aspidistra pot on the pile to keep it safe.

A hard glitter had come into the eyes of Joe Wing's opponent. He drew up a chair, flipping the deck to fan out over the cloth. The hands of others always interested Joe Wing. He saw the other's quick swoop of the wrist, noting that he flicked with the nail of his little finger from underneath his palm. The motion fascinated him.

"Ace high, highest deals," said the gambler. He turned up the ace of spades.

"You deal, my friend," agreed Joe Wing, not troubling to draw.

The other gathered up the cards and dealt back and forth over the table, ten cards. Before Joe Wing was a row of five cards. Before the big man was a like row. The Chinese turned up his first card. The queen of diamonds.

"Not bad!" offered Joe Wing's opponent, and turned up his first card. It was the eight of spades. "One trick yours, John."

There was no sign of excitement in Joe Wing's face as he turned over his second card. In the yellow light he saw it was the nine of clubs.

With a quick motion of the wrist the man on the other side of the table turned up the knave of clubs. "One all!"

Joe Wing turned up his third card—the nine of hearts—and with a frozen face waited for the turn of the corresponding card on the other side of the cloth.

The big man showed the four of clubs. "Two to you. One to me. You lead."

As he turned up his fourth card, Joe Wing was lost in thought. He did not look at it straight away, for he was watching his opponent's face. The card was the king of clubs.

In silence the man on the other side of the table turned over an ace of diamonds. "Two all, and the last draw decides," he announced.

Joe Wing was troubled, but his face showed nothing. He turned up his last card—the five of hearts.

Reaching out his hand, the big man flipped his fifth card over.

Joe Wing pressed closer to examine the card, and his wrist, trembling, caught the aspidistra, rocking it clumsily. The last card of the game was the ten of diamonds. Joe Wing had lost his money.

For a while there was silence, then, as he stood with his hands clutched to the breast of his coat, the legs of Joe Wing seemed to sag. He wobbled uncertainly. "It is all right," he apologised as they helped him. "I hoped to win. . . . You must excuse, please. You will assist me to the street?"

Together the two men helped him down the stairs and out into the street. They seemed in a hurry to get him out of the place. . . .

Once out of sight, Joe Wing seemed to recover, and he mounted an omnibus. No expression showed on his dried-apple face, but he was confronted with a decision which troubled him. He wished to collect his modest bundle of clothing from his lodgings, and he wished also to bid a formal farewell to his friends. In the end, he decided not to risk a return to his old haunts, but to leave for the home of his ancestors forthwith.

Joe Wing's deft fingers as he rode on the omnibus caressed a bundle of £140 in notes. They had come out from under that aspidistra, at the beckoning of his quick fingers, like puppies to the rice-bowl. A man, he was telling himself, who unwittingly finds himself at table in play with those who would deal cards as they wished is unwise if he hesitates to retaliate with like weapons.

THE END.

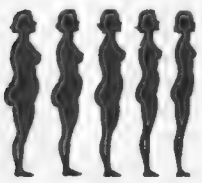
The Art of Photography

SIXTEEN hundred photographs chosen from all over the world are the contents of the *Photography Year Book*, 1938. The photographs are well reproduced on art paper and are conveniently grouped under different headings. Typical of these are: animals, babies, landscape, trick photography, nudes, portraiture. T. Korda has been responsible for choosing the photographs. The book is published by the proprietors of *Photography* and costs a guinea.

40 YEARS..... SLIM

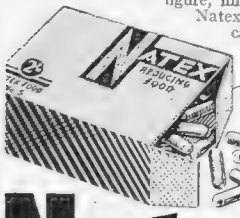
Your face may be youthful and your complexion dazzling but if you are burdened with superfluous flesh you will always look more than your age! Not only that, fat is unnecessary, ugly and even dangerous. Doctors warn you that extra weight puts undue strain on the heart and liver.

The simple truth is this. When you get into the thirties, the thyroid gland slows down and fat accumulates. Ever so slightly at first, but the longer it is neglected the more difficult it is to remove.



SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES WHILE YOU EAT. Between the first and last figures there is 42 lbs. difference in weight. 42 lbs. of unhealthy, burdensome, figure-spoiling, unnecessary FAT! These figures show the progress of your slimming when you take Natex. It gets rid of fat, safely and surely while you eat. We must say clearly that Natex is not a drug. It is a tonic slimming food that acts by re-invigorating the thyroid gland with the organic food it needs to help the absorption of fat. That is why Natex is the *sensible* and *natural* way to slim.

19 EDITRESSES OF WOMEN'S MAGAZINES RECOMMEND NATEX. THOUSANDS OF LETTERS FROM DELIGHTED USERS TESTIFY THAT NATEX:—Loses Fat. Reduces at the safe rate of 2-4 lbs. weekly. Improves your Looks. Keeps your complexion clear because it banishes poisons. Increases your Vim. As you lose weight you gain vigour and health. Why don't *you* start taking Natex now? A small capsule with your meals. That is all you need to do to gain a younger, slimmer figure, improved looks, greater vitality. Go to your Chemist and buy Natex right away, and no longer need you envy slimness, for you can achieve it with Natex. From Chemists and Health Food Stores, **2/-**, **5/6** and **9/6**.



FREE. *The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim.* If you want further evidence of what Natex can do for you, send for this FREE Booklet. It tells in simple terms exactly why Natex slims, and gives experience of women in all walks of life. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage, etc. Modern Health Products Ltd., 193 Natex House, Langham Street, London, W.1.

Natex TONIC SLIMMING FOOD

A WINE OUR FOREFATHERS HONOURED

and Lord Nelson described as 'Exquisite'

After the Battle of the Nile, Lord Nelson discovered the choice Marsala Wine at Sicily and said:—"*Marsala Wines are so exquisite that any gentleman may admit them to his table.*" Soon Marsala became the fashionable wine with the best English families.

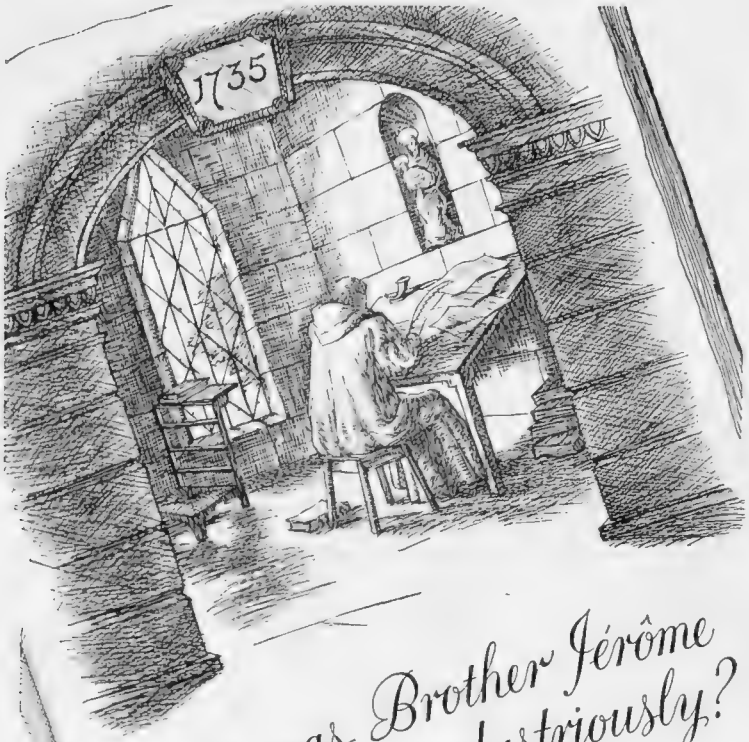
MARSALA is a Choice Wine from the Island of Sicily. Dry, Sweet or Dark Brown.

From all Wine Merchants and Stores. *ASK FOR A BOOKLET ON MARSALA WINE.*

To-day you can enjoy this choice wine and you will find it extremely economical, as a bottle once opened will keep in perfect condition even if left for several months.

MARSALA

Marsala Wine is solely a product of Sicily.. See that this is stated on the label



What was Brother Jérôme writing so industriously?

Two hundred years ago the mystery of Brother Jérôme Maubec's labours was revealed in the Monastery of the Chartreuse. An Elixir it was, distilled from the choicest wines, fragrant with the essences of 130 gracious herbs. His secret he handed down to posterity . . .

The secret of Grand Chartreuse, the most famous Liqueur in the world

The Liqueur of the Grand Chartreuse can be made only by the monks who have succeeded Brother Jérôme. Supremely smooth, miraculously mellow, Chartreuse is, as it always has been, the paragon of Liqueurs. It is no easy matter to choose between the Yellow, so bland and delicate, and the drier richness of the Green. Whichever you choose, you will choose perfection.

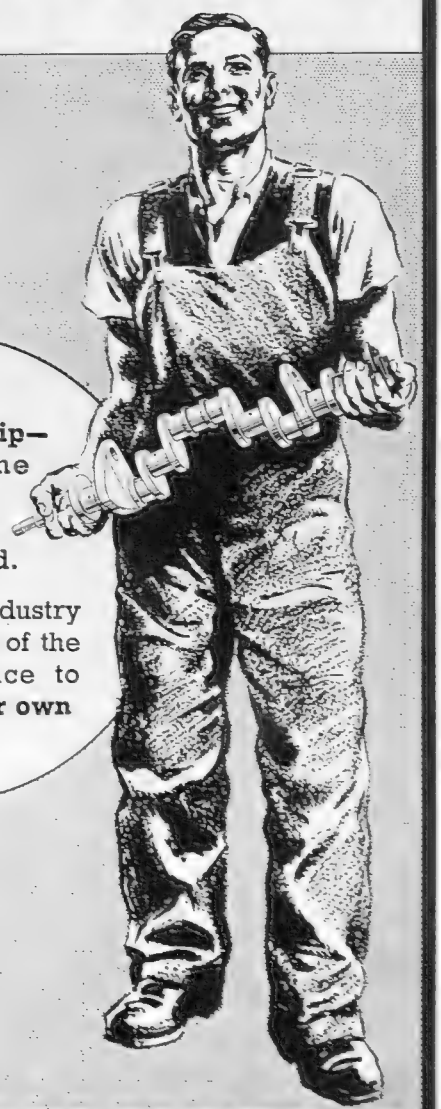
Green or Yellow

Chartreuse

THE LIQUEUR OF LIQUEURS

British Cars are Best —

in the long run



British **craftsmanship**—acknowledged the finest. British **engineering** — the soundest in the world.

The British motor industry is a **national asset** of the greatest importance to **employment of our own workpeople.**

BUY A BRITISH CAR

THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

"Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (Continued from page 216)

Another Umbrella Foursome at Wentworth

Umbrellas and waterproof trousers or skirts were the order of the day for the "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes; these four are Miss R. Rabbidge (Royal Mid-Surrey), Miss Molly Gourlay (Camberley Heath), Mrs. A. McNair (Wentworth) and Mrs. Hugh Heppel (Addington)

lunch-time. All the more hats off to them for sticking to their places, and allowing no one to creep up from behind.

Mrs. Leonard Martin gave away the prizes, and another BYSTANDER Foursomes was over.

THERE has been so much other good golf, all worth description if only there were space. First, the end of the Veterans' Championship, won by Mrs. Rowand-Harker at the nineteenth hole after the holder, Miss Doris Chambers, had been two up and three to play on her in the final. What a dinner we had of it that night, with Mrs. Leonard Murray, from Canada, as one of the specially distinguished guests and speakers, and the usual huge ovation for Mrs. Rabbidge, to whom every "Vet." owes more than she can say.

Then the Wilton Shield at Denham, won by the United Services again, but with a big share of laurels for the Parliamentary, who beat the Medical 7 to 2 in the morning, even if they did lose by the same margin in the final. Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp's win at the twenty-fourth from Mrs. Garon in that final was some of the best fighting golf I hope to see this season. Miss Hartopp had three stymies against her, was one down on the eighteenth tee, played all the six tie holes quite perfectly, only to be thwarted by Mrs. Garon's pluck in getting down in one putt at all but one of them, when Miss Hartopp won, up for the first time of the match.

And finally the Vesta meeting at Hadley Wood, the course which overseas members of that society can call their own. Vesta is going to mean a lot in Imperial golf and therefore friendship; it was fine to see Singapore winning the chief overseas trophy, in the person of Miss Abed, with 95—20=75; Miss Perks (South Africa), the overseas scratch; Miss Ashton (Australia), the handicap; Mrs. Daysh (South Africa), last nine holes; and Mrs. Halse Rogers the sealed conditions. Fine, too, to see Miss Jessie Anderson in grand form again, winning the open scratch with 74, the exact equal of the par, while she and Miss Wanda Morgan won the foursomes under handicap, two down on eighteen holes. Hadley Wood was in fine order. A good day altogether, of which I only wish I could tell you more. But space forbids.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (15th Year)

At Nairn Golf Club,

JUNE 7 to 10, 1938

Holders: MRS. RHODES and MISS L. B. CLARK.

Entries close Friday, May 20th. Enter NOW.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples stating handicaps, to reach MISS E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 20th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

NAIRN — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride St., E.C.4, by Friday, May 20th, 1938.

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Nairn Golf Club. June 7th, 1938, and following days.

PLEASE PRINT.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Nairn with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 3rd to her at Golf Links Hotel, Nairn. Telephone or Telegrams: Nairn 39.

HOTELS

GOLF LINKS HOTEL, NAIRN: 15/6 per day inclusive. Telephone 39. This will be Miss Helme's address from June 5th; also GOLF VIEW, 18/- per day single, 16/6 per person double. ROYAL MARINE, 13/6. WINDSOR HOTEL from £3.10.0 a week single. CLIFTON PRIVATE HOTEL from £3.13.6 a week single.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION.

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be begun at Nairn during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d., first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competitions must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — MAY

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 9356. 'Bolero' regd. Fur felt "Sailor" with bound edge. In all fashionable colours. Price 25/- Agencies everywhere.

Special Summer Prices

• Summer Catalogue sent on request

Come to the City and compare our Wholesale Value before purchasing elsewhere.

THE glorious New Models now being offered represent the finest possible value, because we actually make them in our own workrooms—all intermediate profits are entirely eliminated. Every garment is fully guaranteed and marked at reduced Summer Price.

A Charming three-quarter Cape from our New Spring range in Australian

Opossum

attractively worked in strands. Finest possible Value!

Summer Price

28 gns.

Sent on Approval.

City Fur Store

64/65, ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD LONDON, E.C.4.

WEST-END SHOWROOMS 46, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

Not a shop —— Showrooms first floor —— Tel. City 4784

CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS

are so different . . .

Whatever your tastes, some new experience awaits you . . . . France with its fashionable Riviera, gay casinos and interesting cities . . . . the golden sands of the Belgian Coast resorts, and inland, the charming old-world cities and forest scenery of the Ardennes . . . . the fascinating quaintness of Holland and the breath-taking grandeur of Switzerland . . . . and then Germany, Austria and Italy with their wide variety of scenic attractions. Norway, Sweden and Denmark, too, are happy hunting grounds for the holidaymaker. In any of these countries you can spend a holiday you will long remember.

17 CONTINENTAL ROUTES

DOVER - - - CALAIS	HARWICH - - HOOK
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FOLKESTONE - - OSTEND	HARWICH - ANTWERP
FOLKESTONE - BOULOGNE	HARWICH - ZEEBRUGGE
NEWHAVEN - - DIEPPE	HARWICH - ESBJERG
SOUTHAMPTON - HAVRE	HULL - ROTTERDAM
SOUTHAMPTON ST. MALO	NEWCASTLE - BERGEN
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GRIMSBY or HULL - HAMBURG	

For all information apply Continental Department, VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1 (for SOUTHERN Routes), or LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2 (for HARWICH Routes), or any Station, Office or Agency of the Great Western; London Midland & Scottish; London & North Eastern or Southern Railways.

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Fayer of Vienna

Patricia Turner

Patricia Enid Auriol Turner, only daughter of Capt. J. H. Turner and Mrs. C. D. Leyland, of Camp Hill, Bedale, Yorks., is engaged to David William McConnel, K.O.S.B., younger son of Captain F. B. McConnel and Mrs. McConnel, of Muirhouselaw, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire

Navana

Wilma Jane Tweed

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. T. F. Tweed, of 863, Finchley Road, N.W.11, and is engaged to Donald Frank Saunders, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Saunders, of 55, Grove Avenue, Muswell Hill

Kay Vaughan

Beatrice Curtis Brown

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Curtis Brown, of 27, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea; she is to marry Victor J. A. Horton, of 9, Chelsea Embankment, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Horton, of Bognor Regis

Fayer of Vienna

Joan Elizabeth Hamilton

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hamilton, of Cherrybank, Ilkley, Yorks.; her fiancé is Flight-Lieut. Patrick Patmore, R.A.F., youngest son of the late S. W. Patmore and Mrs. Patmore, of Nilgiri Hills, Southern India

Lenare

Angela Curgenven

Is the only daughter of the late Capt. Curgenven and Mrs. Curgenven, of Thatch Cottage, Headley, Hants.; she will be married in July to Herbert Henry Kingsley Rowe, R.T.C., son of the late Alfred Rowe and Mrs. Rowe, of Glandwr Hall, near Barmouth, North Wales

Bassano

Nancy Fieldhouse

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fieldhouse, of Shipton Manor, Andoversford, Glos., and is engaged to Robert Harvey, F.R.C.S., of 10, Imperial Square, Cheltenham, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. Harvey, of Gairnshiel, Dumbarton

Wilson, Manchester

Mary Lucille Morris

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Griffin Morris, of Hale, Cheshire, and is engaged to David Dobie Marshall, fifth son of Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall, of Broombrush, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire

Lenare

Doreen Barry Drew

Is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. G. Barry Drew, D.S.O., and Mrs. Drew, of The Chalet, Sheringham, Norfolk, and is to marry John Pallister, eldest son of the Rev. J. and Mrs. Pallister, of Wickmere Rectory, Norwich

Robertson — Holroyde

It was a St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding between Struan Manwaring Robertson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Robertson, of Kings Farm, Binsted, Alton, Hants., and Sheila Mary Holroyde, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Holroyde, of 67, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7

Ainslie — Moubray

Lieut.-Com. W. St. John Ainslie, O.B.E., R.N., First Lieut.-Com. of H.M.S. Caledonia, married Joyce Moubray at St. George's Episcopal Church, Rosyth. She is the daughter of the late Admiral Moubray and Mrs. De Wilton, of The Cottage, Aberdour, Fife

Grossmith — Harvard-Watts

George Edward Townshend Grossmith, only son of the late George Grossmith and Mrs. Grossmith, of 1, Harrowby Court, W.1, and Eileen Mary Harvard-Watts, daughter of the Rev. S. H. and Mrs. Harvard-Watts, of Blickling Rectory, Norfolk, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Benito — Harvey

Frederic Manuel Benito, the Prince of Wales' Volunteers, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Frederic Benito, of Wokingham, Berks., and Violet Dorothy Harvey, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Harvey, of Little Chishall Manor, Royston, were married at St. Thomas' of Canterbury, Royston

Tunbridge

Rishworth — Laidler

Charles Paslew Rishworth and Olive Mary Laidler were married at St. Mary's, Wimbledon. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. I. C. Rishworth, of Aldburgh Hall, Masham, Yorks.; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. Francis Laidler, of Park Mansions, Knightsbridge

Gleadow — Thomson

At St. Marylebone Parish Church, Henry Nigel Skelton Gleadow, son of the late Major Gleadow and Mrs. Gleadow, of Hessle, Yorks., married Monica Mary Brudenell Thomson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Thomson, of Inverichnie, Banff, Scotland

Campbell — de Smidt

The Bishop of Gloucester officiated at St. Peter's, Tiverton, at the wedding of Nigel Arthur Campbell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Campbell, of West Dene, Sheringham, and Philippa Janet de Smidt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. P. de Smidt, of 20, Magdalen Road, Exeter

Fell — Potter

Lieut. Robert Augustus Fell, R.N., son of Mr. and the late Mrs. David Fell, of Sydney, N.S.W., married Sheelagh Mabel Rosemary Potter at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent. She is the younger daughter of Major Cyril Potter, of Playford Hall, Ipswich

Rowlandson — Lane

Stanley Graham Rowlandson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rowlandson, of Claremont, Enfield, and Vera Lane, eldest daughter of the late Ernest Lane and Mrs. Lane, of West Lodge Park, Hadley Wood, Herts., were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Davie — Henderson

Christopher Davie and Betty Muriel Henderson were married by the Bishop of Buckingham at Horton-cum-Studley. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davie, of 56, Albert Court, S.W.7; she is the second daughter of the late Capt. Ronald Henderson and Mrs. Henderson, of Studley Priory, Oxford

Gick — Rowntree

Lieut. Philip D. Gick, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gick, of 21, Melcombe Court, Dorset Square, N.W.1, married Aylmer Rowntree at St. Peter's, Vere Street. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Rowntree, of 8, Fitzhardinge Street, W.1

Priestman — Long

Jonathan Lee Priestman and Christine Helen Long were married at Gainford, Co. Durham, with a guard of honour from the Braes of Derwent Hunt. He is the son of the late Francis Priestman and Mrs. Priestman, of Shotley Bridge; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Maddison Long, of the Manor House, Gainford

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 11—May 17

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

APRIL CLOUDS.—Children growing up and mother growing old are the themes of this almost too strong domestic comedy: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORIOLANUS.—Laurence Olivier and Sybil Thorndike play the leads: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ELIZABETH.—André Josset's play is a guess at the strange tale of old Elizabeth and young Essex, capably played by Lilian Braithwaite and Anthony Quayle: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Capek's charming satire on human weaknesses revives with the same cast as two years ago: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Immaculate throughout, this production has Gielgud as Shylock, Quartermaine as the Merchant, Peggy Ashcroft as Portia, superb décor by Motley: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

POWER AND GLORY.—Oscar Homolka doubles parts effectively in a play about war whose theme is more powerful than the plot: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Marion Lorne just as good as ever, in a plot and setting not up to Hackett standard: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.—Anmer Hall's presentation of Shaw has Gillian Scaife, Stanley Lathbury, Lydia Sherwood, Alexis France, and John Wise; produced by Michael McOwan: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—Transferred from the Westminster; Dorothy Sayer's play is in verse, and has a mediæval moral theme: Garrick, 8.30.

Singing and Dancing

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PELISSIER'S FOLLIES OF 1938.—A strong cast in a modern revival of the famous potpourri of burlesque, glamour and dance: Saville, 8.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 104.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Douglas Furber's newest is about how Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win some money from a pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AS HUSBANDS GO.—As plays go, this is not good enough for Hugh Wakefield and Jeanne de Casalis; domestic triangular plot: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

DEATH ON THE TABLE.—Hartley Power is ruthless as a gangster whose death on the table makes the plot; plenty of laughs and thrills: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

***A Cocktail Competition** was held recently in the Ascot Bar, Rue Pierre Charron, a spot well known to Englishmen in Paris. Tasting the results were Mistinguett and Pizani, among others*

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY WITH DESIGNS.—Gina Malo is a jewel-thief with designs on Harold Warrender in this crooked comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

MARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.—Leonora Corbett and Henry Edwards lead the cast in a tale of a legacy: Phœnix, 8.30.

MONEY TALKS.—Seymour Hicks in one part with a variety of roles, leads the cast by a long way in an amusing, ingenuous comedy: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THREE BLIND MICE.—An amusing little piece about three independent girls, Diana Beaumont, Dorothy Hyson, Rene Ray: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS.—St. John Ervine's theme is the crumbling of class, with Nicholas Hannen and Mary Jerrold, Ursula Jeans and Athene Seyler: New, to-night, 11th.

HAPPY RETURNS.—Cochran returns with an all-round musical show starring Beatrice Lillie, Nervo and Knox, Phyllis Stanley, Marietta: Adelphi, Thurs., 12th.

ENGADINE EXPRESS.—The new ice show is more elaborate and more connected than the last: Coliseum, Thurs., 12th.

AMPHITRYON, 1938.—Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne burlesque the Greek legend: Lyric, Tues., 17th.

CINEMAS

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (American).—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert—what a team!—in a high-life romance: Plaza.

THE CHALLENGE (British).—The rivalry in conquering the Matterhorn is the theme of this stirring scenic drama, with Luis Trenker, Robert Douglas, Mary Clare, Joan Gardner: London Pavilion.

CONVICT 99 (British).—Will Hay's latest vehicle: Tivoli.

THE DRUM (British).—Something about this film is very attractive, whether Sabu, Ramond Massey, Valerie Hobson, fine technicolour shots of North-West Frontier country or an exciting tale, we can't say: Odeon.

L'EQUIPAGE (French).—Annabella and Jean Murat in this revival are supported by *Aren't Men Beasts* with Hare and Drayton: Studio One.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life and death of a passion: Rialto.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST (American).—Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in another scenic sing: Empire.

I ACCUSE (French).—Not a genteel film, featuring war-injured, but a strong indictment against war and its makers: Curzon.

JEZEBEL (American).—Bette Davis and Henry Fonda are quite good in this mixed picture of plague-time in New Orleans: Carlton.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Herbert Marshall lends tone to Deanna Durbin's newest musical, as charming as the others: Leicester Square.

NOTHING SACRED (American).—The excellent satire on U.S. newspaper stunts with Carole Lombard and Fredric March: Marble Arch Pavilion.

OWD BOB (British).—Will Fyffe, Margaret Lockwood and John Loder in a rural tale of the lakes and sheepdogs: Gaumont.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH (British).—Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen, Monty Banks in a cheerful, inconsequential story: Regal.

Premiere

THE MIRROR (Austrian).—Paula Wessely, Attila Hörbiger, Peter Petersen in a strong, simple story of the medical world: Berkeley, to-night, 11th.

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LES SYLPHIDES, CHECKMATE, FAÇADE.—Sat., 14th, 2.30.
RIGOLETTO.—Sat., 14th, 8.
BORIS GODUNOV.—Tues., 17th, 7.45.

ADRIAN AESCHBACHER.—A piano recital including Bach, Hindemith, Schubert, Moussorgsky: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 12th, 8.30.

PAUL ROBESON.—Personal appearance at the People's Palace, Sat., 14th, 8.

CHARITY DANCES

BIG BEN BALL.—Grosvenor House, to-night, 11th.
PLAYING FIELDS BALL.—The Dorchester, Thurs., 12th.
HIGH SPIRIT BALL.—Grosvenor House, Thurs., 12th.
VICTORIA LEAGUE BALL.—Savoy, Tues., 17th.
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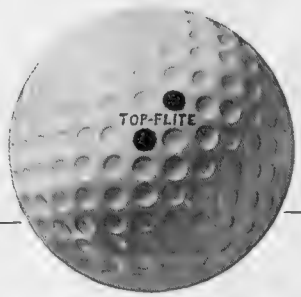

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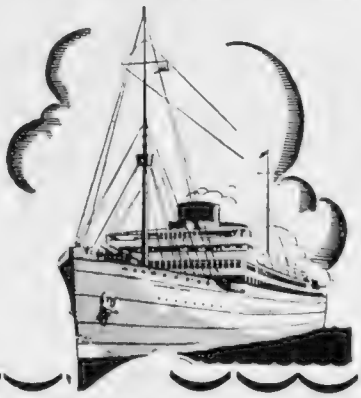

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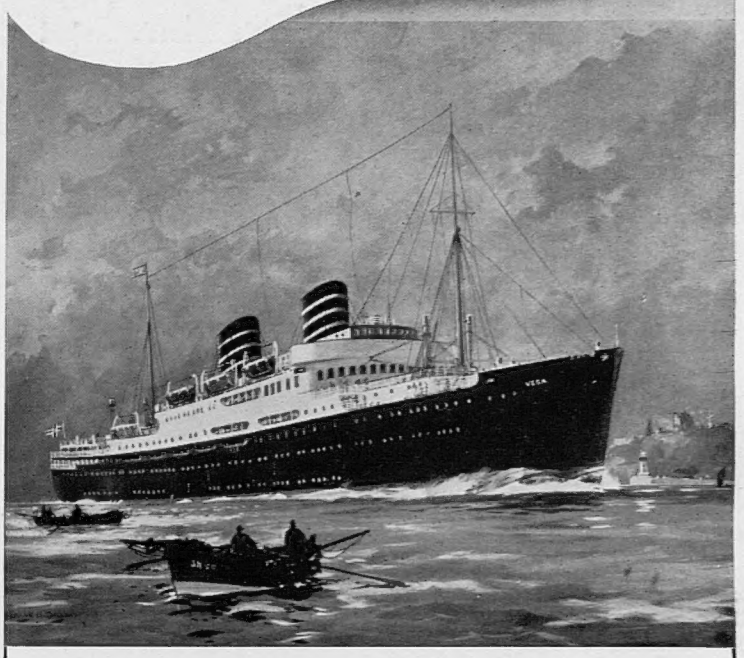

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He wouldn't stir, not he,
"I'll phone this bet to Duggie first,"
He said "It's just on three."

"Duggie's the Lad with No limit
"And though this place is hot,
"It's not one half so warm," said he,
"As this 'dead cert' I've got."

"I just have time before the race,
"A fortune's in the air
"What if the house is
burning
"Like Nero, I should care!"

With the Lad who has No limit
He backed his red-hot tip,
Then skipped away and ran like fun
As the roof began to slip.

The house crashed down – what matter?
His fancy 'home and dried'
He thought of those No limit terms
As the glowing embers died.

With fortune won
this son-of-a-gun
Shouts "Everyone surely knows,
"Duggie's the Lad with No limit
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